HISTORIC HIGHWAYS OF AMERICA

VOLUME 11

A MILESTONE ON BRADDOCK'S ROAD

[*See page 105, note 19*]

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HISTORIC HIGHWAYS OF AMERICA
VOLUME 11

Pioneer Roads and Experiences of Travelers

(Volume I)

BY

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With Illustrations

THE ARTHUR H. CLARK COMPANY
CLEVELAND, OHIO
1904

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PREFACE

THE first chapter of this volume presents an introduction to the two volumes of this series devoted to Pioneer Roads and Experiences of Travelers. The evolution of American highways from Indian trail to macadamized road is described; the Lancaster Turnpike, the first macadamized road in the United States, being taken as typical of roads of the latter sort.

An experience of a noted traveler, Francis Baily, the eminent British astronomer, is presented in chapter two.

The third chapter is devoted to the story of Zane's Trace from Virginia to Kentucky across Ohio, and its terminal, the famous Maysville Pike. It was this highway which precipitated President Jackson's veto of the Internal Improvement Bill of 1830, one of the epoch-making vetoes in our economic history.

The last chapter is the vivid picture of Kentucky travel drawn by Judge James Hall in his description of "The Emigrants," in *Legends of the West*.

The illustrations in this volume have been selected to show styles of pioneer architecture and means of locomotion, including types of earliest taverns, bridges, and vehicles.

A. B. H.

MARIETTA, OHIO, December 30, 1903.

Pioneer Roads and Experiences of Travelers

(Volume I)

CHAPTER I

THE EVOLUTION OF HIGHWAYS: FROM INDIAN TRAIL TO TURNPIKE

WE have considered in this series of monographs the opening of a number of Historic Roads and the part they played in the development of the most important phases of early American history. But our attitude has been that of one asking, Why? — we have not at proper length considered all that would be contained in the question, How? It will be greatly to our purpose now to inquire into the methods of road-making, and outline, briefly, the evolution of the first trodden paths to the great highways of civilization.

From one aspect, and an instructive one, the question is one of width; few, if any, of our roads are longer than those old "threads of soil" — as Holland called the Indian trails; Braddock's Road was not

longer than the trail he followed; even the Cumberland Road could probably have been followed its entire length by a parallel Indian path or a buffalo trace. But Braddock's Road was, in its day, a huge, broad track, twelve feet wide; and the Cumberland Road exceeded it in breadth nearly fifty feet. So our study may be pursued from the interesting standpoint of a widening vista; the belt of blue above our heads grows broader as we study the widening of the trail of the Indian.

To one who has not followed the trails of the West or the Northland, the experience is always delightful. It is much the same delight as that felt in traversing a winding woodland road, intensified many fold. The incessant change of scenery, the continued surprises, the objects passed unseen yet not unguessed, those half-seen through a leafy vista amid the shimmering green; the pathway just in front very plain, but twenty feet beyond as absolutely hidden from your eyes as though it were a thousand miles away — such is the romance of following a trail. One's mind keeps as active as when looking at Niagara, and it

is lulled by the lapsing of those leaves as if by the roar of that cataract.

Yet the old trail, unlike our most modern roads, kept to the high ground; even in low places it seemed to attempt a double-bow knot in keeping to the points of highest altitude. But when once on the hills, the vista presented varied only with the altitude, save where hidden by the foliage. We do not choose the old "ridge roads" today for the view to be obtained, and we look continually up while the old-time traveler so often looked down. As we have hinted, elsewhere, many of our pioneer battles — those old battles of the trails — will be better understood when the position of the attacking armies is understood to have been on lower levels, the rifles shooting upward, the enemy often silhouetted against the very sky-line.

But the one characteristic to which, ordinarily, there was no exception, was the narrowness of these ancient routes. The Indian did not travel in single file because there was advantage in that formation; it was because his only routes were trails which he never widened or improved;

and these would, ordinarily, admit only of one such person as broke them open. True, the Indians did have broader trails; but they were very local in character and led to maple-sugar orchards or salt wells. From such points to the Indian villages there ran what seemed not unlike our "ribbon roads" — the two tracks made by the "travail" — the two poles with cross-bar that dragged on the ground behind the Indian ponies, upon which a little freight could be loaded. In certain instances such roads as these were to be found running between Indian villages and between villages and hunting grounds. They were the roads of times of peace. The war-time trails were always narrow and usually hard — the times of peace came few and far between. As we have stated, so narrow was the trail, that the traveler was drenched with water from the bushes on either hand. And so "blind" — to use a common pioneer word — were trails when overgrown, that they were difficult to find and more difficult to follow. Though an individual Indian frequently marked his way through the forest, for the benefit of others who were to follow

INDIAN TRAVAIL

him or for his own guidance in returning, the Indian trails in native state were never blazed. Thus, very narrow, exceedingly crooked, often overgrown, worn a foot or more into the ground, lay the routes on which white men built roads which have become historic. Let us note the first steps toward road-building, chronologically.

The first phase of road-making (if it be dignified by such a title) was the broadening of the Indian path by the mere passing of wider loads over it. The beginning of the pack-horse era was announced by the need of greater quantities of merchandise and provisions in the West to which these paths led. The heavier the freight tied on either side of the pack-horse, the more were the bushes bruised and worn away, and the more the bed of the trail was tracked and trampled. The increasing of the fur-trade with the East at the beginning of the last half of the eighteenth century necessitated heavier loads for the trading ponies both "going in" and "coming out" — as the pioneers were wont to say. Up to this time, so far as the present

writer's knowledge goes, the Indian never lifted a finger to make his paths better in any one respect; it seems probable that, oftentimes, when a stream was to be crossed, which could not be forded, the Indian bent his steps to the first fallen tree whose trunk made a natural bridge across the water. That an Indian never felled such a tree, it is impossible to say; but no such incident has come within my reading. It seems that this must have happened and perhaps was of frequent occurrence.

Our first picture, then, of a "blind" trail is succeeded by one of a trail made rougher and a little wider merely by use; a trail over which perhaps the agents of a Croghan or a Gist pushed westward with more and more heavily-loaded pack-horses than had been customarily seen on the trails thither. Of course such trails as began now to have some appearance of roads were very few. As was true of the local paths in Massachusetts and Connecticut and Virginia, so of the long trails into the interior of the continent, very few answered all purposes. Probably by 1750

three routes, running through southwestern Pennsylvania, central Pennsylvania, and central New York, were worn deep and broad. By broad of course we mean that, in many places, pack-horses could meet and pass without serious danger to their loads. But there were, probably, only these three which at this time answered this description. And the wider and the harder they became, the narrower and the softer grew scores of lesser trails which heretofore had been somewhat traversed. It is not surprising that we find the daring missionary Zeisberger going to the Allegheny River like a beast on all fours through overgrown trails, or that Washington, floundering in the fall of 1784 along the upper Monongahela and Cheat Rivers, was compelled to give up returning to the South Branch (of the Potomac) by way of the ancient path from Dunkards Bottom. "As the path it is said is very blind & exceedingly grown up with briers," wrote Washington, September 25, 1784, in his Journal, "I resolved to try the other Rout, along the New Road to Sandy Creek; . ." This offers a signal instance in which an

ancient route had become obsolete. Yet the one Washington pursued was not an Appian Way; " . . we started at dawning of day, and passing along a small path much enclosed with weeds and bushes, loaded with Water from the overnights rain & the showers which were continually falling, we had an uncomfortable travel. . ."[1] Such was the "New Road."

The two great roads opened westward by the armies of Washington, Braddock, and Forbes, whose history has been dealt with at length in this series, were opened along the line of trails partially widened by the pack-horses of the Ohio Company's agents (this course having been first marked out by Thomas Cresap) and those of the Pennsylvania traders. Another route led up the Mohawk, along the wide Iroquois Trail, and down the Onondaga to the present Oswego; this was a waterway route primarily, the two rivers (with the portage at Rome) offering more or less facilities for shipping the heavy baggage by batteaus. It was a portage path from

[1] *Diary of George Washington, Sept. 2 to Oct. 4, 1784.*

the Hudson to Lake Ontario; the old landward trail to Niagara not being opened by an army.[2]

Yet Braddock's Road, cut in 1755, was quite filled up with undergrowth in 1758 as we have noted. It was "a brush wood, by the sprouts from the old stumps."[3] In those primeval forests a road narrowed very fast, and quickly became impassable if not constantly cared for. The storms of a single fall or spring month and the heavy clouds of snow on the trees in winter kept the ground beneath well littered with broken limbs and branches. Here and there great trees were thrown by the winds across the traveled ways. And so a military road over which thousands may have passed would become, if left untouched, quite as impassable as the blindest trail in a short time.

Other Indian trails which armies never traversed became slightly widened by agents of land companies, as in the case of Boone blazing his way through Cumber-

[2] Cf. "Journal of Lieut. Robert Parker," *The Pennsylvania Magazine*, vol. xxvii, No. 108, pp. 404-420.

[3] *Historic Highways of America*, vol. v, p. 93.

land Gap for Richard Henderson. For a considerable distance the path was widened, either by Boone or Martin himself, to Captain Joseph Martin's "station" in Powell's Valley. Thousands of traces were widened by early explorers and settlers who branched off from main traveled ways, or pushed ahead on an old buffalo trail; the path just mentioned, which Washington followed, was a buffalo trail, but had received the name of an early pioneer and was known as "McCulloch's Path."

But our second picture holds good through many years — that trail, even though armies had passed over it, was still but a widened trail far down into the early pioneer days. Though wagons went westward with Braddock and Forbes, they were not seen again in the Alleghenies for more than twenty-five years. These were the days of the widened trails, the days of the long strings of jingling ponies bearing patiently westward salt and powder, bars of bended iron, and even mill-stones, and bringing back to the East furs and ginseng. Of this pack-saddle era — this age of the widened trail — very little has been writ-

ten, and it cannot be passed here without a brief description. In Doddridge's *Notes* we read: "The acquisition of the indispensable articles of salt, iron, steel and castings presented great difficulties to the first settlers of the western country. They had no stores of any kind, no salt, iron, nor iron works; nor had they money to make purchases where these articles could be obtained. Peltry and furs were their only resources before they had time to raise cattle and horses for sale in the Atlantic states. Every family collected what peltry and fur they could obtain throughout the year for the purpose of sending them over the mountains for barter. In the fall of the year, after seeding time, every family formed an association with some of their neighbors, for starting the little caravan. A master driver was to be selected from among them, who was to be assisted by one or more young men and sometimes a boy or two. The horses were fitted out with pack-saddles, to the latter part of which was fastened a pair of hobbles made of hickory withes — a bell and collar ornamented their necks. The bags provided

for the conveyance of the salt were filled with feed for the horses; on the journey a part of this feed was left at convenient stages on the way down, to support the return of the caravan. Large wallets well filled with bread, jerk, boiled ham, and cheese furnished provision for the drivers. At night, after feeding, the horses, whether put in pasture or turned out into the woods, were hobbled and the bells were opened [unstuffed]. . . Each horse carried [back] two bushels of alum salt, weighing eighty-four pounds to the bushel." Another writer adds: "The caravan route from the Ohio river to Frederick [Maryland] crossed the stupendous ranges of the . . mountains. . . The path, *scarcely two feet wide*, and travelled by horses in single file, roamed over hill and dale, through mountain defile, over craggy steeps, beneath impending rocks, and around points of dizzy heights, where one false step might hurl horse and rider into the abyss below. To prevent such accidents, the bulky baggage was removed in passing the dangerous defiles, to secure the horse from being thrown from his

scanty foothold. . . The horses, with their packs, were marched along in single file, the foremost led by the leader of the caravan, while each successive horse was tethered to the pack-saddle of the horse before him. A driver followed behind, to keep an eye upon the proper adjustment of the packs." The Pennsylvania historian Rupp informs us that in the Revolutionary period " five hundred pack-horses had been at one time in Carlisle [Pennsylvania], going thence to Shippensburg, Fort Loudon, and further westward, loaded with merchandise, also salt, iron, &c. The pack-horses used to carry bars of iron on their backs, crooked over and around their bodies; barrels or kegs were hung on each side of these. Colonel Snyder, of Chambersburg, in a conversation with the writer in August, 1845, said that he cleared many a day from $6 to $8 in crooking or bending iron and shoeing horses for western carriers at the time he was carrying on a blacksmith shop in the town of Chambersburg. The pack-horses were generally led in divisions of 12 or 15 horses, carrying about two hundred weight each . ; when the

bridle road passed along declivities or over hills, the path was in some places washed out so deep that the packs or burdens came in contact with the ground or other impending obstacles, and were frequently displaced."

Though we have been specifically noticing the Alleghenies we have at the same time described typical conditions that apply everywhere. The widened trail was the same in New England as in Kentucky or Pennsylvania — in fact the same, at one time, in old England as in New England. Travelers between Glasgow and London as late as 1739 found no turnpike till within a hundred miles of the metropolis. Elsewhere they traversed narrow causeways with an unmade, soft road on each side. Strings of pack-horses were occasionally passed, thirty or forty in a train. The foremost horse carried a bell so that travelers in advance would be warned to step aside and make room. The widened pack-horse routes were the main traveled ways of Scotland until a comparatively recent period. "When Lord Herward was sent, in 1760, from Ayrshire to the college at

Edinburgh, the road was in such a state that servants were frequently sent forward with poles to sound the depths of the mosses and bogs which lay in their way. The mail was regularly dispatched between Edinburgh and London, on horseback, and went in the course of five or six days." In the sixteenth century carts without springs could not be taken into the country from London; it took Queen Henrietta four days to traverse Watling Street to Dover. Of one of Queen Elizabeth's journeys it is said: "It was marvelous for ease and expedition, for such is the perfect evenness of the new highway that Her Majesty left the coach only once, while the hinds and the folk of baser sort lifted it on their poles!" A traveler in an English coach of 1663 said: "This travel hath soe indisposed mee, yt I am resolved never to ride up againe in ye coatch."

Thus the widened trail or bridle-path, as it was commonly known in some parts, was the universal predecessor of the highway. It needs to be observed, however, that winter travel in regions where much snow fell greatly influenced land travel. The

buffalo and Indian did not travel in the winter, but white men in early days found it perhaps easier to make a journey on sleds in the snow than at any other time. In such seasons the bridle-paths were, of course, largely followed, especially in the forests; yet in the open, with the snow a foot and more in depth, many short cuts were made along the zig-zag paths and in numerous instances these short cuts became the regular routes thereafter for all time. An interesting instance is found in the "Narrative of Andrew J. Vieau, Sr.:" "This path between Green Bay [Wisconsin] and Milwaukee was originally an Indian trail, and very crooked; but the whites would straighten it by cutting across lots each winter with their jumpers [rude boxes on runners], wearing bare streaks through the thin covering [of snow], to be followed in the summer by foot and horseback travel along the shortened path."[4]

This form of traveling was, of course, unknown save only where snow fell and remained upon the ground for a considerable time. Throughout New York State

[4] *Wisconsin Historical Collections*, vol. xi, p. 230.

travel on snow was common and in the central portion of the state, where there was much wet ground in the olden time, it was easier to move heavy freight in the winter than in summer when the soft ground was treacherous. Even as late as the building of the Erie Canal in the second and third decades of the nineteenth century — long after the building of the Genesee Road — freight was hauled in the winter in preference to summer. In the annual report of the comissioners of the Erie Canal, dated January 25, 1819, we read that the roads were so wretched between Utica and Syracuse in the summer season that contractors who needed to lay up a supply of tools, provisions, etc., for their men, at interior points, purchased them in the winter before and sent the loads onward to their destinations in sleighs.[5] One of the reasons given by the Erie Canal commissioners for delays and increased expenses in the work on the canal in 1819, in their report delivered to the legislature February 18, 1820, was that

[5] *Public Documents Relating to the New York Canals* (New York, 1821), p. 312.

the absence of snow in central New York in the winter of 1818–19 prevented the handling of heavy freight on solid roads; "no hard snow path could be found."[6] The soft roads of the summer time were useless so far as heavy loads of lumber, stone, lime, and tools were concerned. No winter picture of early America is so vivid as that presented by the eccentric Evans of New Hampshire, who, dressed in his Esquimau suit, made a midwinter pilgrimage throughout the country lying south of the Great Lakes from Albany to Detroit in 1818.[7] His experiences in moving across the Middle West with the blinding storms, the mountainous drifts of snow, the great icy cascades, the hurrying rivers, buried out of sight in their banks of ice and snow, and the far scattered little settlements lost to the world, helps one realize what traveling in winter meant in the days of the pioneer.

The real work of opening roads in America began, of course, on the bridle-paths in the Atlantic slope. In 1639 a measure was passed in the Massachusetts

[6] *Id.*, pp. 352–353.

[7] *A Pedestrious Tour*, by Estwick Evans.

Bay Colony reading: "Whereas the highways in this jurisdiction have not been laid out with such conveniency for travellers as were fit, nor as was intended by this court, but that in some places they are felt too straight, and in other places travelers are forced to go far about, it is therefore, ordered, that all highways shall be laid out before the next general court, so as may be with most ease and safety for travelers; and for this end every town shall choose two or three men, who shall join with two or three of the next town, and these shall have power to lay out the highways in each town where they may be most convenient; and those which are so deputed shall have power to lay out the highways where they may be most convenient, notwithstanding any man's propriety, or any corne ground, so as it occasion not the pulling down of any man's house, or laying open any garden or orchard; and in common [public] grounds, or where the soil is wet or miry, they shall lay out the ways the wider, as six, or eight, or ten rods, or more in common grounds." With the establishment of the government in the province of New

York in 1664 the following regulation for road-making was established, which also obtained in Pennsylvania until William Penn's reign began: "In all public works for the safety and defence of the government, or the necessary conveniencies of bridges, highways, and common passengers, the governor or deputy governor and council shall send warrents to any justice, and the justices to the constable of the next town, or any other town within that jurisdiction, to send so many laborers and artificers as the warrent shall direct, which the constable and two others or more of the overseers shall forthwith execute, and the constable and overseers shall have power to give such wages as they shall judge the work to deserve, provided that no ordinary laborer shall be compelled to work from home above one week together. No man shall be compelled to do any public work or service unless the press [impressment] be grounded upon some known law of this government, or an act of the governor and council signifying the necessity thereof, in both which cases a reasonable allowance shall be made." A later amendment indi-

cates the rudeness of these early roads: "The highways to be cleared as followeth, viz., the way to be made clear of standing and lying trees, at least ten feet broad; all stumps and shrubs to be cut close by the ground. The trees marked yearly on both sides — sufficient bridges to be made and kept over all marshy, swampy, and difficult dirty places, and whatever else shall be thought more necessary about the highways aforesaid."

In Pennsylvania, under Penn, the grand jury laid out the roads, and the courts appointed overseers and fence-viewers, but in 1692 the townships were given the control of the roads. Eight years later the county roads were put in the hands of the county justices, and king's highways in the hands of the governor and his council. Each county was ordered to erect railed bridges at its expense over rivers, and to appoint its own overseers and fence-viewers.

Even the slightest mention of these laws and regulations misrepresents the exact situation. Up to the time of the Revolutionary War it can almost be said that nothing had been done toward what we today

know as road-building. Many routes were cleared of "standing and lying trees" and "stumps and shrubs" were cut "close by the ground" — but this only widened the path of the Indian and was only a faint beginning in road-building. The skiff, batteau, and horse attached to a sleigh or sled in winter, were the only common means of conveying freight or passengers in the colonies at this period. We have spoken of the path across the Alleghenies in 1750 as being but a winding trace; save for the roughness of the territory traversed it was a fair road for its day, seek where the traveler might. In this case, as in so many others, the history of the postal service in the United States affords us most accurate and reliable information concerning our economic development. In the year mentioned, 1750, the mail between New York and Philadelphia was carried only once a week in summer and twice a month in winter. Forty years later there were only eighteen hundred odd miles of post roads in the whole United States. At that time (1790) only five mails a week passed between New York and Philadelphia.

It may be said, loosely, that the widened trail became a road when wheeled vehicles began to pass over it. Carts and wagons were common in the Atlantic seaboard states as early and earlier than the Revolution. It was at the close of that war that wagons began to cross the Alleghenies into the Mississippi Basin. This first road was a road in "the state of nature." Nothing had been done to it but clearing it of trees and stumps.

Yet what a tremendous piece of work was this. It is more or less difficult for us to realize just how densely wooded a country this was from the crest of the Alleghenies to the seaboard on the east, and from the mountains to central Indiana and Kentucky on the west. The pioneers fought their way westward through wood, like a bullet crushing through a board. Every step was retarded by a live, a dying, or a dead branch. The very trees, as if dreading the savage attack of the white man on the splendid forests of the interior, held out their bony arms and fingers, catching here a jacket and there a foot, in the attempt to stay the invasion of their

silent haunts. These forests were very heavy overhead. The boughs were closely matted, in a life-and-death struggle for light and air. The forest vines bound them yet more inextricably together, until it was almost impossible to fell a tree with out first severing the huge arms which were bound fast to its neighbors. This dense overgrowth had an important influence over the pioneer traveler. It made the space beneath dark; the gloom of a real forest is never forgotten by the "tenderfoot" lumberman. The dense covering overhead made the forests extremely hot in the dog days of summer; no one can appreciate what "hot weather" means in a forest where the wind cannot descend through the trees save those who know our oldest forests. What made the forests hot in summer, on the other hand, tended to protect them from winter winds in cold weather. Yet, as a rule, there was little pioneer traveling in the Allegheny forests in winter. From May until November came the months of heaviest traffic on the first widened trails through these gloomy, heated forest aisles.

It can be believed there was little tree-cutting on these first pioneer roads. Save in the laurel regions of the Allegheny and Cumberland Mountains, where the forest trees were supplanted by these smaller growths, there was little undergrowth; the absence of sunlight occasioned this, and rendered the old forest more easily traversed than one would suppose after reading many accounts of pioneer life. The principal interruption of travelers on the old trails was in the form of fallen trees and dead wood which had been brought to the ground by the storms. With the exception of the live trees which were blown over, these forms of impediment to travel were not especially menacing; the dead branches crumbled before an ax. The trees which were broken down or uprooted by the winds, however, were obstructions difficult to remove, and tended to make pioneer roads crooked, as often perhaps as standing trees. We can form some practical notion of the dangerous nature of falling trees by studying certain of the great improvements which were early projected in these woods. The Allegheny Portage Railway over the

mountains of Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania, and the Erie Canal in central New York, both offer illustrations to the point. The portage track was sent through an unbroken, uninhabited forest wilderness from Hollidaysburg to Johnstown in the twenties. In order to render the inclines safe from falling trees and breaking branches, a swath through the woods was cut one hundred and twenty feet wide.[8] The narrow trellis of the inclines scaled the mountain in the center of this avenue; wide as it was, a tree fifty feet long could have swept it away like paper. The Erie Canal was to be forty feet in width; a clean sixty foot aisle was opened through the forests before the digging could begin.

Of course nothing like this could be done for pioneer highways; when the states began to appropriate money for state roads, then the pioneer routes were straightened by cutting some trees. It was all the scattered communities could do before this period to keep the falling trees and branches from blocking the old roads. Travelers wound in and out on one of the

[8] *Historic Highways of America*, vol. xiii, ch. 4.

many tracks, stumbling, slipping, grinding on the roots, going around great trees that had not been removed, and keeping to the high ground when possible, for there the forest growth was less dense.

The question immediately arises, What sort of vehicle could weather such roads? First in the van came the great clumsy cart, having immensely high and solid wooden wheels. These were obtained either by taking a thin slice from the butt of the greatest log that could be found in good condition, or by being built piecemeal by rude carpenters. These great wheels would go safely wherever oxen could draw them, many of their hubs being three feet from the ground. Thus the body of the cart would clear any ordinary brook and river at any ford which horses or oxen could cross. No rocks could severely injure such a massy vehicle, at the rate it usually moved, and no mere rut could disturb its stolid dignity. Like the oxen attached to it, the pioneer cart went on its lumbering way despising everything but bogs, great tree boles and precipices. These creaking carts could proceed, therefore, nearly on the

ancient bridle-path of the pack-horse age. On the greater routes westward the introduction of wheeled vehicles necessitated some changes; now and then the deep-worn passage-way was impassable, and detours were made which, at a later day, became the main course. Here, where the widened trail climbed a steeper "hog-back" than usual, the cart-drivers made a round-about road which was used in dry weather. There, where the old trail wound about a marshy piece of ground in all weathers, the cart-drivers would push on in a straight line during dry seasons.

Thus the typical pioneer road even before the day of wagons was a many-track road and should most frequently be called a route — a word we have so frequently used in this series of monographs. Each of the few great historic roads was a route which could have been turned into a three, four, and five track course in very much the same way as railways become double-tracked by uniting a vast number of side-tracks. The most important reason for variation of routes was the wet and dry seasons; in the wet season advantage had

to be taken of every practicable altitude. The Indian or foot traveler could easily gain the highest eminence at hand; the pack-horse could reach many but not all; the "travail" and cart could reach many, while the later wagon could climb only a few. In dry weather the low ground offered the easiest and quickest route. As a consequence every great route had what might almost be called its "wet" and "dry" roadways. In one of the early laws quoted we have seen that in wet or miry ground the roads should be laid out "six, eight, or ten rods [wide]," though elsewhere ten or twelve feet was considered a fair width for an early road. As a consequence, even before the day of wagons, the old routes of travel were often very wide, especially in wet places; in wet weather they were broader here than ever. But until the day of wagons the track-beds were not so frequently ruined. Of this it is now time to speak.

By 1785 we may believe the great freight traffic by means of wagons had fully begun across the Alleghenies at many points. It is doubtful if anywhere else in the United

States did "wagoning" and "wagoners" become so common or do such a thriving trade as on three or four trans-Allegheny routes between 1785 and 1850. The Atlantic Ocean and the rivers had been the arteries of trade between the colonies from the earliest times. The freight traffic by land in the seaboard states had amounted to little save in local cases, compared with the great industry of "freighting" which, about 1785, arose in Baltimore and Philadelphia and concerned the then Central West. This study, like that of our postal history, throws great light on the subject in hand. Road-building, in the abstract, began at the centers of population and spread slowly with the growth of population. For instance, in Revolutionary days Philadelphia was, as it were, a hub and from it a number of important roads, like spokes, struck out in all directions. Comparatively, these were few in number and exceedingly poor, yet they were enough and sufficiently easy to traverse to give Washington a deal of trouble in trying to prevent the avaricious country people from treacherously feeding the British invaders.

These roads out from Philadelphia, for instance, were used by wagons longer distances each year. Beginning back at the middle of the eighteenth century it may be said that the wagon roads grew longer and the pack-horse routes or bridle-paths grew shorter each year. The freight was brought from the seaboard cities in wagons to the end of the wagon roads and there transferred to the pack-saddles. Referring to this era we have already quoted a passage in which it is said that five hundred pack-horses have been seen at one time at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. For a longer period than was perhaps true elsewhere, Carlisle was the end of the wagon road westward. A dozen bridle-paths converged here. Here all freight was transferred to the strings of patient ponies. Loudon, Pennsylvania, was another peculiar borderland depot later on. It will be remembered that when Richard Henderson and party advanced to Kentucky in 1775 they were able to use wagons as far as Captain Joseph Martin's "station" in Powell's Valley. At that point all freight had to be transferred to the backs of ponies for the climb

over the Cumberlands. In the days of Marcus Whitman, who opened the first road across the Rocky Mountains, Fort Laramie, Wyoming, was the terminus of wagon travel in the far West. Thus pioneer roads unfolded, as it were, joint by joint, the rapidity depending on the volume of traffic, increase of population, and topography.

The first improvement on these greater routes, after the necessary widening, was to enable wagons to avoid high ground. Here and there wagons pushed on beyond the established limit, and, finding the way not more desperate than much of the preceding "road," had gone on and on, until at last wagons came down the western slopes of the Alleghenies, and wagon traffic began to be considered possible — much to the chagrin of the cursing pack-horse men. No sooner was this fact accomplished than some attention was paid to the road. The wagons could not go everywhere the ponies or even the heavy carts had gone. They could not climb the steep knolls and remain on the rocky ridges. The lower grounds were, therefore, pursued and the wet grounds were made passa-

OLD CONESTOGA FREIGHTER

ble by " corduroying " — laying logs closely together to form a solid roadbed. So far as I can learn this work was done by everybody in particular and nobody in general. Those who were in charge of wagons were, of course, the most interested in keeping them from sinking out of sight in the mudholes. When possible, such places were skirted; when high or impassable ground prevented this, the way was " corduroyed."

We have spoken of the width of old-time bridle-paths; with the advent of the heavy freighter these wide routes were doubled and trebled in width. And, so long as the roadbeds remained in a " state of nature," the heavier the wagon traffic, the wider the roads became. We have described certain great tracks, like that of Braddock's Road, which can be followed today even in the open by the lasting marks those plunging freighters made in the soft ground. They suggest in their deep outline what the old wagon roads must have been; yet it must be remembered that only what we may call the main road is visible today — the innumerable side-tracks being obliterated because not so deeply worn. In a number

of instances on Braddock's Road plain evidence remains of these side-tracks. Judging then from this evidence, and from accounts which have come down to us, the introduction of the freighter with its heavier loads and narrower wheels turned the wide, deeply worn bridle-paths and cart tracks into far wider and far deeper courses. The corduroy road had a tendency to contract the route, but even here, where the ground was softest, it became desperate traveling. Where one wagon had gone, leaving great black ruts behind it, another wagon would pass with greater difficulty leaving behind it yet deeper and yet more treacherous tracks. Heavy rains would fill each cavity with water, making the road nothing less than what in Illinois was known as a "sloo." The next wagoner would, therefore, push his unwilling horses into a veritable slough, perhaps having explored it with a pole to see if there was a bottom to be found there. In some instances the bottoms "fell out," and many a reckless driver has lost his load in pushing heedlessly into a bottomless pit. In case a bottom could be found the driver

pushes on; if not, he finds a way about; if this is not possible he throws logs into the hole and makes an artificial bottom over which he proceeds.

We can hardly imagine what it meant to get stalled on one of the old "hog wallow" roads on the frontier. True, many of our country roads today offer bogs quite as wide and deep as any ever known in western Virginia or Pennsylvania; and it is equally true that roads were but little better in the pioneer era on the outskirts of Philadelphia and Baltimore than far away in the mountains. It remains yet for the present writer to find a sufficiently barbarous incident to parallel one which occurred on the Old York (New York) Road just out of Philadelphia, in which half a horse's head was pulled off in attempting to haul a wagon from a hole in the road. "Jonathan Tyson, a farmer of 68 years of age [in 1844], of Abington, saw, at 16 years of age, much difficulty in going to the city [Philadelphia on York Road]: a dreadful mire of blackish mud rested near the present Rising Sun village. . . He saw there the team of Mr. Nickum, of

Chestnut hill, stalled; and in endeavoring to draw out the forehorse with an iron chain to his head, it slipped and tore off the lower jaw, and the horse died on the spot. There was a very bad piece of road nearer to the city, along the front of the Norris estate. It was frequent to see there horses struggling in mire to their knees. Mr. Tyson has seen thirteen lime wagons at a time stopped on the York road, near Logan's hill, to give one another assistance to draw through the mire; and the drivers could be seen with their trowsers rolled up, and joining team to team to draw out; at other times they set up a stake in the middle of the road to warn off wagons from the quicksand pits. Sometimes they tore down fences, and made new roads through the fields."[9]

If such was the case almost within the city limits of Philadelphia, it is not difficult to realize what must have been the conditions which obtained far out on the continental routes. It became a serious problem to get stalled in the mountains late in the day; assistance was not always

[9] Watson's *Annals of Philadelphia*, vol. i, p. 257.

at hand — indeed the settlements were many miles apart in the early days. Many a driver, however, has been compelled to wade in, unhitch his horses, and spend the night by the bog into which his freight was settling lower and lower each hour. Fortunate he was if early day brought assistance. Sometimes it was necessary to unload wholly or in part, before a heavy wagon, once fairly "set," could be hauled out. Around such treacherous places ran a vast number of routes some of which were as dangerous — because used once too often — as the central track. In some places detours of miles in length could be made. A pilot was needed by every inexperienced person, and many blundering wiseacres lost their entire stock of worldly possessions in the old bogs and "sloos" and swamps of the "West."

A town in Indiana was "very appropriately" named Mudholes, a name that would have been the most common in the country a century ago if only descriptive names had been allowed.[10] The condition

[10] See "Hulme's Journal" in W. Cobbett's *A Year's Residence in the United States* (1819), p. 490.

of pioneer roads did, undoubtedly, influence the beginnings of towns and cities. On the longer routes it will be found that the steep hills almost invariably became the sites of villages because of physical conditions. "Long-a-coming," a New Jersey village, bore a very appropriate name.[11]

The girls of Sussex, England, were said to be exceedingly long-limbed, and a facetious wag affirmed the reason to be that the Sussex mud was so deep and sticky that in drawing out the foot "by the strength of the ancle" the muscles, and then the bones, of the leg were lengthened! In 1708 when Prince George of Denmark went to meet Charles the Seventh of Spain traveling by coach, he traveled at the rate of nine miles in six hours — a tribute to the strength of Sussex mud. Charles Augustus Murray, in his *Travels in North America*, leaves us a humorous account of the mud-holes in the road from the Potomac to Fredericksburg, Maryland, and his experience upon it:

"On the 27th of March I quitted Wash-

[11] D. Hewett's *American Traveller* (1825), p. 222.

ington, to make a short tour in the districts of Virginia adjacent to the James River; comprising Richmond, the present capital, Williamsburgh, the former seat of colonial government, Norfolk, and other towns.

"The first part of the journey is by steam-boat, descending the Potomac about sixty miles. The banks of this river, after passing Mount Vernon, are uninteresting, and I did not regret the speed of the Champion, which performed that distance in somewhat less than five hours; but this rate of travelling was amply neutralized by the movement of the stage which conveyed me from the landing-place to Fredericsburgh. I was informed that the distance was only twelve miles, and I was weak enough (in spite of my previous experience) to imagine that two hours would bring me thither, especially as the stage was drawn by six good nags, and driven by a lively cheerful fellow; but the road bade defiance to all these advantages — it was, indeed, such as to compel me to laugh out-right, notwithstanding the constant and severe bumping to which it subjected both the intellectual and sedentary parts of my person.

"I had before tasted the sweets of mud-holes, huge stones, and remnants of pine-trees standing and cut down; but here was something new, namely, a bed of reddish-coloured clay, from one to two feet deep, so adhesive that the wheels were at times literally not visible in any one spot from the box to the tire, and the poor horses' feet sounded, when they drew them out (as a fellow-traveller observed), like the report of a pistol. I am sorry that I was not sufficiently acquainted with chemistry or mineralogy to analyze that wonderful clay and state its constituent parts; but if I were now called upon to give a receipt for a mess most nearly resembling it, I would write, 'Recipe — (nay, I must write the ingredients in English, for fear of taxing my Latin learning too severely) —

Ordinary clay . . .	1 lb.
Do. Pitch	1 lb.
Bird-lime	6 oz.
Putty	6 oz.
Glue	1 lb.
Red lead, or *colouring* matter	6 oz.

Fiat haustus — ægrot. terq. quaterq. quatiend.'

"Whether the foregoing, with a proper admixture of hills, holes, stumps, and rocks, made a satisfactory *draught* or not, I will refer to the unfortunate team — I, alas! can answer for the effectual application of the second part of the prescription, according to the Joe Miller version of 'When taken, to be well shaken!'

"I arrived, however, without accident or serious bodily injury, at Fredericsburgh, having been *only* three hours and a half in getting over the said twelve miles; and, in justice to the driver, I must say that I very much doubt whether any crack London whip could have driven those horses over that ground in the same time: there is not a sound that can emanate from human lungs, nor an argument of persuasion that can touch the feelings of a horse, that he did not employ, with a perseverance and success which commanded my admiration."

Fancy these wild, rough routes which, combined, often covered half an acre, and sometimes spread out to a mile in total width, in freezing weather when every hub and tuft was as solid as ice. How many an anxious wagoner has pushed his

horses to the bitter edge of exhaustion to gain his destination ere a freeze would stall him as completely as if his wagon-bed lay on the surface of a "quicksand pit." A heavy load could not be sent over a frozen pioneer road without wrecking the vehicle. Yet in some parts the freight traffic had to go on in the winter, as the hauling of cotton to market in the southern states. Such was the frightful condition of the old roads that four and five yoke of oxen conveyed only a ton of cotton so slowly that motion was almost imperceptible; and in the winter and spring, it has been said, with perhaps some tinge of truthfulness, that one could walk on dead oxen from Jackson to Vicksburg. The Bull-skin Road of pioneer days leading from the Pickaway Plains in Ohio to Detroit was so named from the large number of cattle which died on the long, rough route, their hides, to exaggerate again, lining the way.

In our study of the Ohio River as a highway it was possible to emphasize the fact that the evolution of river craft indicated with great significance the evolution of social conditions in the region under

review; the keel-boat meant more than canoe or pirogue, the barge or flat-boat more than the keel-boat, the brig and schooner more than the barge, and the steamboat far more than all preceding species. We affirmed that the change of craft on our rivers was more rapid than on land, because of the earlier adaptation of steam to vessels than to vehicles. But it is in point here to observe that, slow as were the changes on land, they were equally significant. The day of the freighter and the corduroy road was a brighter day for the expanding nation than that of the pack-horse and the bridle-path. The cost of shipping freight by pack-horses was tremendous. In 1794, during the Whiskey Insurrection in western Pennsylvania, the cost of shipping goods to Pittsburg by wagon ranged from five to ten dollars per hundred pounds; salt sold for five dollars a bushel, and iron and steel from fifteen to twenty cents per pound in Pittsburg. What must have been the price when one horse carried only from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty pounds? The freighter represented a

growing population and the growing needs of the new empire in the West.

The advent of the stagecoach marked a new era as much in advance of the old as was the day of the steamboat in advance of that of the barge and brig of early days.

The social disturbance caused by the introduction of coaches on the pioneer roads of America gives us a glimpse of road conditions at this distant day to be gained no other way. A score of local histories give incidents showing the anger of those who had established the more important pack-horse lines across the continent at the coming of the stage. Coaches were overturned and passengers were maltreated; horses were injured, drivers were chastised and personal property ruined. Even while the Cumberland Road was being built the early coaches were in danger of assault by the workmen building the road, incited, no doubt, by the angry pack-horse men whose profession had been eclipsed. It is interesting in this connection to look again back to the mother-country and note the unrest which was occasioned by the introduction of stagecoaches on the bridle-paths of

England. Early coaching there was described as destructive to trade, prejudicial to landed interests, destructive to the breed of horses,[11*] and as an interference with public resources. It was urged that travelers in coaches got listless, "not being able to endure frost, snow or rain, or to lodge in the fields!" Riding in coaches injured trade since "most gentlemen, before they travelled in coaches, used to ride with swords, belts, pistols, holsters, portmanteaus, and hat-cases, which, in these coaches, they have little or no occasion for: for, when they rode on horseback, they rode in one suit and carried another to wear when they came to their journey's end, or lay by the way; but in coaches a silk suit and an Indian gown, with a sash, silk stockings, and beaver hats, men ride in and carry no other with them, because they escape the wet and dirt, which on horseback they cannot avoid; whereas in

[11*] It is curious to note that while the introduction of coaches is said here to be injurious to the breed of horses, Macaulay, a century or so later, decried the passing of the coach and the old coaching days because this, too, meant the destruction of the breed of horses! — See *Historic Highways of America*, vol. x, p. 122.

two or three journeys on horseback, these clothes and hats were wont to be spoiled; which done, they were forced to have new very often, and that increased the consumption of the manufacturers; which travelling in coaches doth in no way do." If the pack-horse man's side of the question was not advocated with equally marvelous arguments in America we can be sure there was no lack of debate on the question whether the stagecoach was a sign of advancement or of deterioration. For instance, the mails could not be carried so rapidly by coach as by a horseman; and when messages were of importance in later days they were always sent by an express rider. The advent of the wagon and coach promised to throw hundreds of men out of employment. Business was vastly facilitated when the freighter and coach entered the field, but fewer "hands" were necessary. Again, the horses which formerly carried the freight of America on their backs were not of proper build and strength to draw heavy loads on either coach or wagon. They were ponies; they could carry a few score pounds with great skill over blind and

ragged paths, but they could not draw the heavy wagons. Accordingly hundreds of owners of pack-horses were doomed to see an alarming deterioration in the value of their property when great, fine coach horses were shipped from distant parts to carry the freight and passenger loads of the stagecoach day.

The change in form of American vehicles was small but their numbers increased within a few years prodigiously. Nominally this era must be termed that of the macadamized road, or roads made of layers of broken stone like the Cumberland Road. These roads were wider than any single track of any of the routes they followed, though thirty feet was the average maximum breadth. To a greater degree than would be surmised, the courses of the old roads were followed. It has been said that the Cumberland Road, though paralleling Braddock's Road from Cumberland to Laurel Hill, was not built on its bed more than a mile in the aggregate. After studying the ground I believe this is more or less incorrect; for what we should call Braddock's route was composed of many

roads and tracks. One of these was a central road; the Cumberland Road may have been built on the bed of this central track only a short distance, but on one of the almost innumerable side-tracks, detours, and cut-offs, for many miles. At Great Meadows, for instance, it would seem that the Cumberland Road was separated from Braddock's by the width of the valley; yet as you move westward you cross the central track of Braddock's Road just before reaching Braddock's Grave. May not an old route have led from Great Meadows thither on the same hillside where we find the Cumberland Road today? The crookedness of these first stable roads, like many of the older streets in our cities,[12] indicates that the old corduroy road served in part as a guide for the later road-makers. It is a common thing in the mountains, either on the Cumberland or Pennsylvania state roads, to hear people say that had the older routes been even more strictly adhered to

[12] Florida Avenue is said to have been the first street laid out on the present site of Washington, D. C. As it is the most crooked of all the streets and avenues this is easy to believe.

better grades would have been the result. A remarkable and truthful instance of this (for there cannot, in truth, be many) is the splendid way Braddock's old road sweeps to the top of Laurel Hill by gaining that strategic ridge which divides the heads of certain branches of the Youghiogheny on the one hand and Cheat River on the other near Washington's Rock. The Cumberland Road in the valley gains the same height (Laurel Hill) by a longer and far more difficult route.

The stagecoach heralded the new age of road-building, but these new macadamized roads were few and far between; many roadways were widened and graded by states or counties, but they remained dirt roads; a few plank roads were built. The vast number of roads of better grade were built by one of the host of road and turnpike companies which sprang up in the first half of the nineteenth century. Specific mention of certain of these will be made later.

Confining our view here to general conditions, we now see the Indian trail at its broadest. While the roads, in number,

kept up with the vast increase of population, in quality they remained, as a rule, unchanged. Traveling by stage, except on the half dozen good roads then in existence, was, in 1825, far more uncomfortable than on the bridle-path on horseback half a century previous. It would be the same today if we could find a vehicle as inconvenient as an old-time stagecoach. In our "Experiences of Travelers" we shall give pictures of actual life on these pioneer roads of early days. A glimpse or two at these roads will not be out of place here.

The route from Philadelphia to Baltimore is thus described by the *American Annual Register* for 1796: "The roads from Philadelphia to Baltimore exhibit, for the greater part of the way, an aspect of savage desolation. Chasms to the depth of six, eight, or ten feet occur at numerous intervals. A stagecoach which left Philadelphia on the 5th of February, 1796, took five days to go to Baltimore. [Twenty miles a day]. The weather for the first four days was good. The roads are in a fearful condition. Coaches are overturned, passengers killed, and horses destroyed by

the overwork put upon them. In winter sometimes no stage sets out for two weeks." Little wonder that in 1800, when President and Mrs. Adams tried to get to Washington from Baltimore, they got lost in the Maryland woods! Harriet Martineau, with her usual cleverness, thus touches upon our early roads: " . . corduroy roads appear to have made a deep impression on the imaginations of the English, who seem to suppose that American roads are all corduroy. I can assure them that there is a large variety in American roads. There are the excellent limestone roads . . . from Nashville, Tennessee, and some like them in Kentucky. . . There is quite another sort of limestone road in Virginia, in traversing which the stage is dragged up from shelf [catch-water] to shelf, some of the shelves sloping so as to throw the passengers on one another, on either side alternately. Then there are the rich mud roads of Ohio, through whose deep red sloughs the stage goes slowly sousing after rain, and gently upsetting when the rut on one or the other side proves to be of a greater depth than was anticipated.

Then there are the sandy roads of the pine barrens . . the ridge road, running parallel with a part of Lake Ontario. . . Lastly there is the corduroy road, happily of rare occurrence, where, if the driver is merciful to his passengers, he drives them so as to give them the association of being on the way to a funeral, their involuntary sobs on each jolt helping the resemblance; or, if he be in a hurry, he shakes them like pills in a pill-box. I was never upset in a stage but once . ; and the worse the roads were, the more I was amused at the variety of devices by which we got on, through difficulties which appeared insurmountable, and the more I was edified at the gentleness with which our drivers treated female fears and fretfulness." [13]

Perhaps it was of the Virginian roads here mentioned that Thomas Moore wrote:

" Dear George! though every bone is aching,
After the shaking
I've had this week, over ruts and ridges,
And bridges,
Made of a few uneasy planks,
In open ranks

[13] *Retrospect of Western Travel*, vol. i, pp. 88-89.

Over rivers of mud, whose names alone
Would make the knees of stoutest man knock." [14]

David Stevenson, an English civil engineer, leaves this record of a corduroy road from Lake Erie to Pittsburg: "On the road leading from Pittsburg on the Ohio to the town of Erie on the lake of that name, I saw all the varieties of forest

[14] Moore's notes are as follows:

On "ridges" (line 3): "What Mr. Weld [an English traveler in America] says of the national necessity of balancing or trimming the stage, in passing over some of the wretched roads in America, is by no means exaggerated. 'The driver frequently had to call to the passengers in the stage to lean out of the carriage, first on one side, then on the other, to prevent it from oversetting in the deep ruts, with which the road abounds. "Now, gentlemen, to the right!" upon which the passengers all stretched their bodies half out of the carriage to balance on that side. "Now, gentlemen, to the left!" and so on.'— *Weld's Travels.*"

On "bridges" (line 4): "Before the stage can pass one of these bridges the driver is obliged to stop and arrange the loose planks, of which it is composed, in the manner that best suits his ideas of safety, and as the planks are again disturbed by the passing of the coach, the next travelers who arrive have, of course, a new arrangement to make. Mahomet, as Sale tells us, was at some pains to imagine a precarious kind of bridge for the entrance of paradise, in order to enhance the pleasures of arrival. A Virginia bridge, I think, would have answered his purpose completely."

road-making in great perfection. Sometimes our way lay for miles through extensive marshes, which we crossed by corduroy roads, . . ; at others the coach stuck fast in the mud, from which it could be extricated only by the combined efforts of the coachman and passengers; and at one place we travelled for upwards of a quarter of a mile through a forest flooded with water, which stood to the height of several feet on many of the trees, and occasionally covered the naves of the coach-wheels. The distance of the route from Pittsburg to Erie is 128 miles, which was accomplished in forty-six hours . . although the conveyance . . carried the mail, and stopped only for breakfast, dinner, and tea, but there was considerable delay caused by the coach being once upset and several times mired." [15]

"The horrible corduroy roads again made their appearance," records Captain Basil Hall, "in a more formidable shape, by the addition of deep, inky holes, which almost swallowed up the fore wheels of the wagon

[15] *Sketch of the Civil Engineering of North America*, pp. 132–133.

and bathed its hinder axle-tree. The jogging and plunging to which we were now exposed, and occasionally the bang when the vehicle reached the bottom of one of these abysses, were so new and remarkable that we tried to make a good joke of them. . . I shall not compare this evening's drive to trotting up or down a pair of stairs, for, in that case, there would be some kind of regularity in the development of the bumps, but with us there was no wavering, no pause, and when we least expected a jolt, down we went, smack! dash! crash! forging, like a ship in a head-sea, right into a hole half a yard deep. At other times, when an ominous break in the road seemed to indicate the coming mischief, and we clung, grinning like grim death, to the railing at the sides of the wagon, expecting a concussion which in the next instant was to dislocate half the joints in our bodies, down we sank into a bed of mud, as softly as if the bottom and sides had been padded for our express accommodation."

The first and most interesting macadam-

ized road in the United States was the old Lancaster Turnpike, running from Philadelphia to Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Its position among American roads is such that it deserves more than a mere mention. It has had several historians, as it well deserves, to whose accounts we are largely indebted for much of our information.[16]

The charter name of this road was "The Philadelphia and Lancaster Turnpike Road Company;" it was granted April 9, 1792, and the work of building immediately began. The road was completed in 1794 at a cost of four hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars. When the subscription books were opened there was a tremendous rush to take the stock. The money raised for constructing and equipping this ancient highway with toll houses and bridges, as well as grading and macadamizing it, was by this sale of stock. In the Lancaster *Journal* of Friday, February 5, 1796, the following notice appeared:

[16] "The Oldest Turnpike in Pennsylvania," by Edward B. Moore, in Philadelphia *Press* or Delaware County *American*, June 22, 1901; and "The Old Turnpike," by A. E. Witmer in *Lancaster County Historical Society Papers*, vol. ii (November, 1897), pp. 67–86.

"That agreeable to a by-law of stockholders, subscriptions will be opened at the Company's office in Philadelphia on Wednesday, the tenth of February next, for one hundred additional shares of capital stock in said company. The sum to be demanded for each share will be $300, with interest at six per cent. on the different instalments from the time they are severally called for, to be paid by original stockholders; one hundred dollars thereof to be paid at time of subscribing, and the remainder in three qual payments, at 30, 60 and 90 days, no person to be admitted to subscribe more than one share on the same day.

By order of the Board.

WILLIAM GOVETT,

Secretary."

"When location was fully determined upon," writes Mr. Witmer, "as you will observe, today, a more direct line could scarcely have been selected. Many of the curves which are found at the present time did not exist at that day, for it has been crowded and twisted by various improvements along its borders so that the original

constructors are not responsible. So straight, indeed, was it from initial to terminal point that it was remarked by one of the engineers of the state railroad, constructed in 1834 (and now known as the Pennsylvania Railroad), that it was with the greatest difficulty that they kept their line off of the turnpike, and the subsequent experiences of the engineers of the same company verify the fact, as you will see. Today there is a tendency, wherever the line is straightened, to draw nearer to this old highway, paralleling it in many places for quite a distance, and as it approaches the city of Philadelphia, in one or two instances they have occupied the old road bed entirely, quietly crowding its old rival to a side, and crossing and recrossing it in many places.

"You will often wonder as you pass over this highway, remembering the often-stated fact by some ancient wagoner or stage-driver (who today is scarcely to be found, most of them having thrown down the reins and put up for the night), that at that time there were almost continuous lines of Conestoga wagons, with their

feed troughs suspended at the rear and the tar can swinging underneath, toiling up the long hills (for you will observe there was very little grading done when that roadway was constructed), and you wonder how it was possible to accommodate so much traffic as there was, in addition to stagecoaches and private conveyances, winding in and out among these long lines of wagons. But you must bear in mind that the roadway was very different then from what it is at the present time.

"The narrow, macadamized surface, with its long grassy slope (the delight of the tramp and itinerant merchant, especially when a neighboring tree casts a cooling shadow over its surface), which same slope becomes a menace to belated and unfamiliar travelers on a dark night, threatening them with an overturn into what of more recent times is known as the Summer road, did not exist at that time, but the road had a regular slope from side ditch to center, as all good roads should have, and conveyances could pass anywhere from side to side. The macadam was carefully broken and no stone was allowed to be placed on

the road that would not pass through a two-inch ring. A test was made which can be seen today about six miles east of Lancaster, where the roadway was regularly paved for a distance of one hundred feet from side to side, with a view of constructing the entire line in that way. But it proved too expensive, and was abandoned. Day, in his history, published in 1843,[17] makes mention of the whole roadway having been so constructed, but I think that must have been an error, as this is the only point where there is any appearance of this having been attempted, and can be seen at the present time when the upper surface has been worn off by the passing and repassing over it."

The placing of tollgates on the Lancaster Pike is thus announced in the Lancaster *Journal*, previously mentioned, where the following notice appears:

"The public are hereby informed that the President and Managers of the Philadelphia and Lancaster Turnpike Road having perfected the very arduous and import-

[17] Sherman Day, *Historical Collections of the State of Pennsylvania* (Philadelphia, 1843).

ant work entrusted by the stockholders to their direction, have established toll gates at the following places on said road, and have appointed a toll gatherer at each gate, and that the rates of toll to be collected at the several gates are by resolution of the Board and agreeable to Act of Assembly fixed and established as below. The total distance from Lancaster to Philadelphia is 62 miles.

Gate No. 1— 2 miles W from Schuylkill, collect 3 miles
Gate No. 2— 5 miles W from Schuylkill, collect 5 miles
Gate No. 3—10 miles W from Schuylkill, collect 7 miles
Gate No. 4—20 miles W from Schuylkill, collect 10 miles
Gate No. 5—29½ miles W from Schuylkill, collect 10 miles
Gate No. 6—40 miles W from Schuylkill, collect 10 miles
Gate No. 7—49½ miles W from Schuylkill, collect 10 miles
Gate No. 8—58⅛ miles W from Schuylkill, collect 5 miles
Gate No. 9—Witmer's Bridge, collect 61 miles."

There is also in the same journal, bearing date January 22, 1796, the following notice:

"Sec. 13. And be it further enacted, by authority of aforesaid, that no wagon or other carriage with wheels the breadth of whose wheels shall not be four inches, shall be driven along said road between the first day of December and the first day of May following in any year or years, with

a greater weight thereon than two and a half tons, or with more than three tons during the rest of the year; that no such carriage, the breadth of whose wheels shall not be seven inches, or being six inches or more shall roll at least ten inches, shall be drawn along said road between the said day of December and May with more than five tons, or with more than five and a half tons during the rest of the year; that no carriage or cart with two wheels, the breadth of whose wheels shall not be four inches, shall be drawn along said road with a greater weight thereon than one and a quarter tons between the said first days of December and May, or with more than one and a half tons during the rest of the year; no such carriage, whose wheels shall be of the breadth of seven inches shall be driven along the said road with more than two and one half tons between the first days of December and May, or more than three tons during the rest of the year; that no such carriage whose wheels shall not be ten inches in width shall be drawn along the said road between the first days of Decem-

ber and May with more than three and a half tons, or with more than four tons the rest of the year; that no cart, wagon or carriage of burden whatever, whose wheels shall not be the breadth of nine inches at least, shall be drawn or pass in or over the said road or any part thereof with more than six horses, nor shall more than eight horses be attached to any carriage whatsoever used on said road, and if any wagon or other carriage shall be drawn along said road by a greater number of horses or with a greater weight than is hereby permitted, one of the horses attached thereto shall be forfeited to the use of said company, to be seized and taken by any of their officers or servants, who shall have the privilege to choose which of the said horses they may think proper, excepting the shaft or wheel horse or horses, provided always that it shall and may be lawful for said company by their by-laws to alter any and all of the regulations here contained respecting burdens or carriages to be drawn over the said road and substituting other regulations, if on experience such alterations should be found conducive of public good."

There were regular warehouses or freight stations in the various towns through which the Lancaster Pike passed, Mr. Witmer leaves record, where experienced loaders or packers were to be found who attended to filling these great curving wagons, which were elevated at each end and depressed in the centre; and it was quite an art to be able to so pack them with the various kinds of merchandise that they would carry safely, and at the same time to economize all the room necessary; and when fully loaded and ready for the journey it was no unusual case for the driver to be appealed to by some one who wished to follow Horace Greeley's advice and "go west," for permission to accompany him and earn a seat on the load, as well as share his mattress on the barroom floor at night by tending the lock or brake. Mr. Witmer was told by one of the largest and wealthiest iron masters of Pittsburg that his first advent to the Smoky City was on a load of salt in that capacity.

"In regard to the freight or transportation companies," continues the annalist, "the Line Wagon Company was the most

prominent. Stationed along this highway at designated points were drivers and horses, and it was their duty to be ready as soon as a wagon was delivered at the beginning of their section to use all despatch in forwarding it to the next one, thereby losing no time required to rest horses and driver, which would be required when the same driver and horses took charge of it all the way through. But, like many similar schemes, what appeared practical in theory did not work well in practice. Soon the wagons were neglected, each section caring only to deliver it to the one succeeding, caring little as to its condition, and soon the roadside was encumbered with wrecks and breakdowns and the driver and horses passed to and fro without any wagon or freight from terminal points of their sections, leaving the wagons and freight to be cared for by others more anxious for its removal than those directly in charge. So it was deemed best to return to the old system of making each driver responsible for his own wagon and outfit.

"A wagoner, next to a stagecoach-driver, was a man of immense importance,

and they were inclined to be clannish. They would not hesitate to unite against landlord, stage-driver or coachman who might cross their path, as in a case when a wedding party was on its way to Philadelphia, which consisted of several gigs. These were two-wheeled conveyances, very similar to our road-carts of the present day, except that they were much higher and had large loop springs in the rear just back of the seat; they were the fashionable conveyance of that day. When one of the gentlemen drivers, the foremost one (possibly the groom), was paying more attention to his fair companion than his horses, he drove against the leaders of one of the numerous wagons that were passing on in the same direction. It was an unpardonable offense and nothing short of an encounter in the stable yard or in front of the hotel could atone for such a breach of highway ethics. At a point where the party stopped to rest before continuing their journey the wagoners overtook them and they immediately called on the gentleman for redress. But seeing a friend in the party they claimed they would excuse the

culprit on his friend's account; the offending party would not have it so, and said no friend of his should excuse him from getting a beating if he deserved it, and I have no doubt he prided himself on his muscular abilities also. However it was peaceably arranged and each pursued his way without any blood being shed or bones broken. That was one of the many similar occurrences which happened daily, many not ending so harmlessly.

"The stage lines were not only the means of conveying the mails and passengers, but of also disseminating the news of great events along the line as they passed. The writer remembers hearing it stated that the stage came through from Philadelphia with a wide band of white muslin bound around the top, and in large letters was the announcement that peace had been declared, which was the closing of the second war with Great Britain, known as the War of 1812. What rejoicing it caused along the way as it passed!"

The taverns of this old turnpike were typical. Of them Mr. Moore writes:

"Independent of the heavy freighting,

numerous stage lines were organized for carrying passengers. As a result of this immense traffic, hotels sprung up all along the road, where relays of horses were kept, and where passengers were supplied with meals. Here, too, the teamsters found lodging and their animals were housed and cared for over night. The names of these hotels were characteristic of the times. Many were called after men who had borne conspicuous parts in the Revolutionary War that had just closed — such as Washington, Warren, Lafayette, and Wayne, while others represented the White and Black Horse, the Lion, Swan, Cross Keys, Ship, etc. They became favorite resorts for citizens of their respective neighborhoods, who wished at times to escape from the drudge and ennui of their rural homes and gaze upon the world as represented by the dashing stages and long lines of Conestoga wagons. Here neighbor met neighbor — it was the little sphere in which they all moved, lived and had their being. They sipped their whisky toddies together, which were dispensed at the rate of three cents a single glass, or for a finer quality,

EARLIEST STYLE OF LOG TAVERN

five for a Spanish quarter, with the landlord in, was asked; smoked cigars that were retailed four for a cent — discussed their home affairs, including politics, religion and other questions of the day, and came just as near settling them, as the present generation of men, that are filling their places, required large supplies and made convenient home markets for the sale of butter, eggs, and whatever else the farmers had to dispose of."

In our history of the Cumberland Road the difference between a wagonhouse and a tavern was emphasized. Mr. Witmer gives an incident on the Lancaster Turnpike which presents vividly the social position of these two houses of entertainment: "It was considered a lasting disgrace for one of the stage taverns to entertain a wagoner and it was sure to lose the patronage of the better class of travel, should this become known. The following instance will show how carefully the line was drawn. In the writer's native village, about ten miles east of this city [Lancaster], when the traffic was unusually heavy and all the wagon taverns were full, a

wagoner applied to the proprietor of the stage hotel for shelter and refreshment, and after a great deal of consideration on his part and persuasion on the part of the wagoner he consented, provided the guest would take his departure early in the morning, before there was any likelihood of any aristocratic arrivals, or the time for the stage to arrive at this point. As soon as he had taken his departure the hostlers and stable boys were put to work to clean up every vestige of straw or litter in front of the hotel that would be an indication of having entertained a wagoner over night!"

The later history of the turnpike has been sketched by Mr. Moore as follows:

"The turnpike company had enjoyed an uninterrupted era of prosperity for more than twenty-five years. During this time the dividends paid had been liberal — sometimes, it is said, exceeding fifteen per cent of the capital invested. But at the end of that time the parasite that destroys was gradually being developed. Another, and altogether new system of transportation had been invented — a railroad — and which had already achieved partial success in

some places in Europe. It was about the year 1820 that this new method of transportation began to claim the serious attention of the progressive business men throughout the state. The feeling that some better system than the one in use must be found was fed and intensified by the fact that New York State was then constructing a canal from Albany to the lakes; that when completed it would give the business men of New York City an unbroken water route to the west. . .

"With the completion of the entire Pennsylvania canal system to Pittsburg, in 1834, the occupation of the famous old Conestoga teams was gone.[18] The same may also be said of the numerous lines of the stages that daily wended their way over the turnpike. The changes wrought were almost magical. Everyone who rode patronized the cars; and the freight was also forwarded by rail. The farmers, however, were not ruined as they had maintained they would be. Their horses, as well as

[18] The rise of the Pennsylvania canal and railway system will be treated in chapter four of *Historic Highways of America*, vol. xiii.

drivers, were at once taken into the railway service and employed in drawing cars from one place to another. It was simply a change of vocation, and there still remained a market for grain, hay, straw and other produce of the farm.

"The loss sustained by the holders of turnpike stock, however, was immeasurable. In a comparative sense, travel over the turnpike road was suspended. Receipts from tolls became very light and the dividends, when paid, were not only quite diminutive, but very far between.

"The officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company have always been noted for their foresight, as well as shrewdness in protecting the business interests of their organization — and none have given more substantial evidence of these traits than its present chief officer, Mr. Alexander Cassatt. In the year 1876 the horse cars had been extended as far west as the Centennial buildings and it became apparent in a year or two thereafter that they might be still further extended over the turnpike in the direction of Paoli and thus become an annoying competitor for the local travel,

which had been carefully nurtured and built up by the efforts of the railroad company. Under the leadership of Mr. Cassatt a company was organized to purchase the road. When all the preliminaries had been arranged a meeting of the subscribers to the purchasing fund was held on the twentieth day of April, 1880. The turnpike was purchased from Fifty-second Street to Paoli, about seventeen miles, for the sum of twenty thousand dollars. In the following June a charter was secured for the ' Lancaster Avenue Improvement Company,' and Mr. Cassatt was chosen president. The horse railroad was thus shut off from a further extension over the old turnpike. The new purchasers rebuilt the entire seventeen miles and there is today probably no better macadam road in the United States, nor one more scrupulously maintained than by ' The Lancaster Avenue Improvement Company.' Some parts of the turnpike road finally became so much out of repair that the traveling public refused to longer pay the tolls demanded. This was the case on that portion of the road lying between Paoli and Exton, a

distance of some eight and a half miles. It traversed parts of the townships of Willistown and East and West Whiteland, in Chester County and upon notice of abandonment being served in 1880 upon the supervisors of these townships, those officials assumed the future care of the road. The turnpike was also abandoned from the borough of Coatesville to the Lancaster County line, a distance of about eight and one-half miles. This left only that portion of the turnpike lying between Exton station and the borough of Coatesville, a distance of some ten miles, under control of the old company, and upon which tollgates were maintained. The road was in a wretched repair and many persons driving over it refused to pay when tolls were demanded. The company, however, continued to employ collectors and gather shekels from those who were willing to pay and suffering those to pass who refused.

"Thus the old company worried along and maintained its organization until 1899, when the 'Philadelphia and West Chester Traction Company,' made its appearance. This company thought it saw an oppor-

tunity to extend the railroad west over the turnpike at least as far as Downingtown, and possibly as far as the borough of Coatesville. Terms were finally agreed upon with the president of the Turnpike Company, and all the rights, titles and interests in the road then held by the original Turnpike Company, and which embraced that portion lying between Exton and the borough of Coatesville, were transferred to Mr. A. M. Taylor, as trustee, for ten dollars per share. The original issue was twelve hundred shares. It was estimated that at least two hundred shares would not materialize, being either lost or kept as souvenirs. The length of the road secured was about ten miles. The disposition of the old road may be enumerated as follows:

SOLD

To Hestonville Railroad . .	3	$10,000
To Lancaster and Williamstown Turnpike Company . .	15	10,000
To Lancaster Avenue Improvement Company . . .	17	20,000
To A. M. Taylor, trustee (estimated)	10	10,000
Total miles sold . . .	45	
Total purchase money received		$50,000

ABANDONED

Paoli to Exton	8½
Coatesville to Lancaster Company line	8½
Total miles abandoned . .	17

"The distance from Coatesville to Philadelphia, via Whitford, a station on the Pennsylvania Railroad ten miles east of Coatesville, thence to West Chester and over the electric road, is somewhat less than by the Pennsylvania Railroad. Immediately after the purchase, Mr. Taylor announced that it was the intention of his company to extend their road to Downingtown, and, possibly, to Coatesville. But a charter for a trolley road does not carry with it the right of eminent domain. Upon investigation, Mr. Taylor discovered that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company owned property on both sides of the purchased turnpike, and that without the consent of that organization a trolley road could not be laid over the turnpike. He further discovered that at a point west of Downingtown the railroad company, in connection with one of its employees, owned a strip of land extending from the Valley Hill on

the north to the Valley Hill on the south. The proposed extension of the trolley road, therefore, had to be abandoned.

" As the turnpike road could not be used by the new purchasers for the purposes intended, it was a useless and annoying piece of property in their hands. A petition has already [1901] been filed in the Court of Quarter Sessions of Chester County looking toward having the road condemned. Judge Hemphill has appointed jurors to view the said turnpike road and fix the damages that may be due the present owners. Whatever damages may finally be agreed upon the county of Chester must pay, and the supervisors of the different townships through which the road passes will thereafter assume its care. This will probably be the last official act in which the title of the old organization will participate. ' Men may come and men may go,' and changes be made both in ownership and purposes of use, but whatever the future may have in store for this grand old public highway, the basic principle will always be: ' The Old Philadelphia and Lancaster Turnpike;' and as such forever

remain a lasting monument to the courageous, progressive, and patriotic men whose capital entered into and made its construction possible."

The principal rivals of the macadamized roads were the plank roads. The first plank road in America was built at Toronto, Canada, in 1835–36, during Sir Francis Bond Head's governorship. It was an experiment and one Darcy Boulton is said to have been the originator of the plan.[18*]

In 1837 this method of road-building was introduced into the United States, Syracuse, New York, possessing the first plank road this side the Canadian border. In fifteen years there were two thousand one hundred and six miles of these roads in New York State alone, and the system had spread widely through the more prosperous and energetic states. Usually these roads were single-track, the track being built on the left hand side of the roadway; the latter became known as the "turn-out." The planks, measuring eight inches by three,

[18*] For these and other facts concerning plank roads we are indebted to W. Kingsford's *History, Structure and Statistics of Plank Roads* (1852).

were laid on stringers, these, in turn, resting on a more or less elaborately made bed. The average cost of plank roads in New York was a trifle less than two thousand dollars per mile. It will be remembered that the Cumberland Road cost on the average over ten thousand dollars per mile in Maryland and Pennsylvania, and three thousand four hundred dollars per mile west of the Ohio River. Its estimated cost per mile, without bridging, was six thousand dollars. It was natural, therefore, that plank roads should become popular — for the country was still a "wooden country," as the pioneers said. It was argued that the cost was "infinitely less — that it [plank road] is easier for the horse to draw upon — and that such a road costs less for repairs and is more durable than a Macadam road. . . On the Salina and Central road, a few weeks back, for a wager, a team [two horses] brought in, without any extraordinary strain, six tons of iron from Brewerton, a distance of twelve miles, to Syracuse [New York]. . . Indeed, the farmer does not seem to make any calculations of the weight taken. He

loads his wagon as best he can, and the only care is not to exceed the quantity which it will carry; whether the team can draw the load, is not a consideration. . ." Such arguments prevailed in the day when timber was considered almost a nuisance, and plank roads spread far and wide.

Few who were acquainted with primitive conditions have left us anything vivid in the way of descriptions of roads and road-making. "The pioneers of our State," wrote Calvin Fletcher, in an exceedingly interesting paper read before the Indiana Centennial Association, July 4, 1900, "found Indian trails, which, with widening, proved easy lines of travel. Many of these afterward became fixtures through use, improvement, and legislation. . . Next to the hearty handshake and ready lift at the handspike, where neighbors swapped work at log-rollings, was the greeting when, at fixed periods, all able-bodied men met to open up or work upon the roads. My child-feet pattered along many of the well-constructed thoroughfares of today when they were only indistinct tracings — long lines of deadened trees, deep-worn horse paths,

and serpentine tracks of wabbling wagon wheels. The ever-recurring road-working days and their cheerful observance, with time's work in rotting and fire's work in removing dead tree and stump, at last let in long lines of sunshine to dry up the mud, to burn up the miasma, and to bless the wayfarer to other parts, as well as to disclose what these pioneer road-makers had done for themselves by opening up fields in the forests. . . To perfect easily and naturally these industries requires three generations. The forests must be felled, logs rolled and burned, families reared, and in most cases the land to be paid for. When this is accomplished a faithful picture would reveal not only the changes that had been wrought, but a host of prematurely broken down men and women, besides an undue proportion resting peacefully in country graveyards. A second generation straightens out the fields at odd corners, pulls the stumps, drains the wet spots, and casting aside the sickle of their father, swings the cradle over broader fields; and even trenches upon the plans of the third generation by pushing the claim

of the reaper, the mower and the thresher. . . The labor of the three generations in road-making I class as follows: To the first generation belonged locating the roads and the clearing the timber from them. The wet places would become miry and were repaired by the use of logs. . . The roots and stumps caused many holes, called chuck holes, which were repaired by using brush and dirt — with the uniform result that at each end of the corduroy or brush repairs, a new mud or chuck hole would be formed in time; and thus until timber and brush became exhausted did the pioneer pave the way for the public and himself to market, to court, and to elections. The second generation discovered a value in the inexhaustible beds of gravel in the rivers and creeks, as well as beneath the soil. Roadbeds were thrown up, and the side ditches thus formed contributed to sound wheeling. Legislation tempted capital to invest and tollgates sprang up until the third generation removed them and assumed the burden of large expenditures from public funds for public benefit.

"And thus have passed away the nightmare of the farmer, the traveller, the mover and the mail-carrier — a nightmare that prevailed nine months of the year. . . An experience of a trip from Indianapolis to Chicago in March, 1848, by mail stage is pertinent. It took the first twenty-four hours to reach Kirklin, in Boone County; the next twenty-four to Logansport, the next thirty-six to reach South Bend. A rest then of twenty-four hours on account of high water ahead; then thirty-six hours to Chicago — five days of hard travel in mud or on corduroy, or sand. . . In the summer passenger coaches went through, but when wet weather came the mud wagon was used to carry passengers and mail, and when the mud became too deep the mail was piled into crates, canvas-covered, and hauled through. This was done also on the National [Cumberland], the Madison, the Cincinnati, the Lafayette and the Bloomington Roads."

The *corvée*, or required work on the roads of France, has been given as one of the minor causes of the social unrest which reached its climax in the French Revolu-

tion. American peasants had no such hardship according to an anonymous rhymester:

Oh, our life was tough and tearful, and its toil was often fearful,
And often we grew faint beneath the load.
But there came a glad vacation and a sweet alleviation,
When we used to work our tax out on the road.

When we used to work our tax out, then we felt the joys of leisure,
And we felt no more the prick of labor's goad;
Then we shared the golden treasure of sweet rest in fullest measure,
When we used to work our tax out on the road.

The macadam and plank roads saw the Indian trail at its widest and best. The railway has had a tendency to undo even such advances over pioneer roads as came in the heyday of macadam and plank roads. We have been going backward since 1840 rather than forward. The writer has had long acquaintance with what was, in 1830, the first turnpike in Ohio — the Warren and Ashtabula Road; it was probably a far better route in 1830 than in 1900. By worrying the horse you can not make more than four miles an hour over many parts of it. One ought to go into training preparatory to a carriage drive over either the Cumberland or the Pennsylvania road

across the Alleghenies. As the trail was widened it grew better, but once at its maximum width it was eclipsed as an avenue by the railway and, exceptions aside, has since 1850 deteriorated. Every foot added in width, however, has contained a lesson in American history; every road, as we have said, indicates a need; and the wider the road, it may be added, the greater the need. An expanding nation, in a moment's time, burst westward through these narrow trails, and left them standing as open roadways. Few material objects today suggest to our eyes this marvelous movement. These old routes with their many winding tracks, the ponderous bridges and sagging mile-posts,[19] are relics of those momentous days.

[19] The frontispiece to this volume represents a milestone which was erected beside Braddock's old road, near Frostburg, Maryland, during the Revolutionary War. On the reverse side it bears the legend, "Our Countrys Rights We Will Defend." On the front these words can be traced: "[12 ?] Miles to Fort Cumberland 29 Miles to Capt Smith's Inn & Bridge by Crossings. [Smithfield, Pennsylvania] the Best Road to Redstone Old Fort 64 M." The stone was once taken away for building purposes and broken; the town authorities of Frostburg ordered it to be cemented, returned and set up on its old-time site.

CHAPTER II

A PILGRIM ON THE PENNSYLVANIA ROAD

THE following chapter is from Francis Baily's volume, *A Journal of a Tour in Unsettled Parts of North America.* It is an account of a journey in 1796 from Philadelphia to Pittsburg over the Pennsylvania road treated of in Volume V of this series. Francis Baily was an English scientist of very great reputation. It is to be doubted whether there is another account of a journey as far west as Mr. Baily's record takes us (Cincinnati, Ohio) written at so early a date by an equally famous foreign scholar and scientist.

The route pursued was the old state road begun in 1785 running through Pennsylvania from Chambersburg, Bedford, and Greensburg to Pittsburg. Mr. Baily's itinerary is by ancient taverns, most of which have passed from recollection.

From Pittsburg he went with a company

of pioneers down the Ohio River to their new settlement near Cincinnati. In his experiences with these friends he gives us a vivid picture of pioneer travel north of the Ohio River.

"There being no turnpikes in America, the roads are, of course, very bad in winter, though excellent in summer. I waited at Baltimore near a week before I could proceed on my journey, the roads being rendered impassable. There is, at present, but one turnpike-road on the continent, which is between Lancaster and Philadelphia,[20] a distance of sixty-six miles, and is a masterpiece of its kind; it is paved with stone the whole way, and overlaid with gravel, so that it is never obstructed during the most severe season. This practice is going to be adopted in other parts of that public-spirited state [Pennsylvania], though none of the other states have yet come into the measure.

"From Baltimore to Philadelphia are ninety-eight miles; between which places there is no want of conveyance, as there are

[20] The Lancaster Turnpike.

three or four stages run daily. In one of these I placed myself on the morning of *March 3rd*, 1796. A description of them perhaps would be amusing. The body of the carriage is closed in, about breast high; from the sides of which are raised six or eight small perpendicular posts, which support a covering — so that it is in fact a kind of open coach. From the top are suspended leather curtains, which may be either drawn up in fine weather, or let down in rainy or cold weather; and which button at the bottom. The inside is fitted up with four seats, placed one before the other; so that the whole of the passengers face the horses; each seat will contain three passengers; and the driver sits on the foremost, under the same cover with the rest of the company. The whole is suspended on springs; and the way to get into it is *in front*, as if you were getting into a covered cart. This mode of travelling, and which is the only one used in America, is very pleasant as you enjoy the country much more agreeably than when imprisoned in a close coach, inhaling and exhaling the same air a thousand times

over, like a cow chewing the cud; but then it is not quite so desirable in disagreeable weather.[21]

"We had not proceeded far on our journey before we began to encounter some of those inconveniences to which every person who travels in this country *in winter time* is exposed. The roads, which in general were very bad, would in some places be impassable, so that we were obliged to get out and walk a considerable distance, and sometimes to 'put our shoulders to the wheel;' and this in the most unpleasant weather, as well as in the midst of mire and dirt. However, we did manage to get twelve miles to breakfast; and after that, to a little place called Bush, about thirteen miles farther, to dinner; and about nine o'clock at night we came to *Havre de Grace*, about twelve miles further,

[21] "In these stages," as Brissot [Jean Pierre Brissot de Warville, *New Travels in the United States* (London, 1794)] observes, "you meet with men of all professions. The member of congress is placed by the side of the shoemaker who elected him; they fraternise together, and converse with familiarity. You see no person here take upon him those important airs which you too often meet with in England." — Baily.

to supper; having walked nearly half the way up to our ancles in mud, in a most inclement season. Havre de Grace is a pretty little place, most delightfully situated on the banks of the Susquehannah river, which at this place is about a quarter of a mile broad; it is about a couple of miles above the mouth of the river, where it empties into the Chesapeak Bay; a fine view of which you have from the town. An excellent tavern is kept here by Mr. Barney . . . and which is frequented by parties in the shooting season, for the sake of the wild fowl with which the Susquehannah so plentifully abounds; the canvass-back, a most delicious bird, frequents this river. . . Next morning we got ferried across the river, and, breakfasting at the tavern on the other side, proceeded on our journey, encountering the same difficulties we had done the preceding day. About three miles from Barney's is a little place, called Principio, situated in a highly romantic country, where there is a large foundry for cannon and works for boring them, situated in a valley surrounded by a heap of rocks; the wheels of

the works are turned by a stream of water running over some of these precipices. About three miles from this is another delightful place, called Charleston; I mean with respect to its *situation*; as to the town itself, it does not seem to improve at all, at which I very much wonder, as it is most advantageously situated at the head of the Chesapeak, of which and the country adjoining it commands a full and most charming view. We got about nine miles farther, to a town called Elkton, to dinner. This place has nothing in it to attract the attention of travellers. I shall therefore pass it by, to inform you that we intended getting to Newport, about eighteen miles, to sleep. It was four o'clock before we started; and we had not proceeded far on these miserable roads, ere night overtook us; and, as the fates would have it, our unlucky coachman drove us into a miry bog; and, in spite of all our endeavours, we could not get the coach out again; we were therefore obliged to *leave it there, with the whole of the baggage, all night*; and were driven to the necessity of seeking our way in the dark to the nearest house, which

was about a mile and a half off; there, getting ourselves cleaned and a good supper, we went to bed. Next morning we found everything just as we left it; and, getting another coach, we proceeded on our journey, and, dining at Chester, got to Philadelphia about nine o'clock in the evening, completely tired of our ride, having been three days and three nights on the road.

"I would not have been thus particular, but I wished to give you a specimen of the American mode of travelling, though you will understand that these difficulties are to be met with only at that season of the year when the frost breaks up, and the roads get sadly out of order; for in summer time nothing can be more agreeable, expeditious, and pleasant. The fare from Baltimore to Philadelphia is 6 dollars, or 27s., and the customary charges on the road are ½ dollar for breakfast, 1 dollar for dinner, wine not included, ½ dollar for supper, and ¼ dollar for beds. These are their general prices, and they charge the same whatever they provide for you. By this, you will observe that travelling in

these settled parts of the country is about as expensive as in England.

"The country between Baltimore and Philadelphia is of a *clayey* nature, mixed with a kind of gravel; yet still, in the hands of a skilful farmer, capable of yielding good produce. The land on each side of the road, and back into the country, was pretty well cultivated, and (though winter) bore marks of industry and economy. Hedges are not frequent; but instead of them they place split logs angular-wise on each other, making what they call a "worm fence," and which is raised about five feet high. This looks very slovenly, and, together with the stumps of trees remaining in all the new-cleared plantations, is a great *desight* to the scenery of the country. . . From Newark to New York is about nine miles, and the greatest part of the road is over a large swamp, which lies between and on each side of the Pasaik and Hackinsac rivers. Over this swamp they have made a causeway, which trembles the whole way as you go over it,[22] and

[22] It consists of several layers of large logs laid longitudinally, and parallel to each other, and covered at the top with earth.— BAILY.

shows how far the genius and industry of man will triumph over natural impediments.

"To New York, which is ninety-six miles from Philadelphia, we were a day and a half in coming. The roads were not so bad as when we came from Baltimore. Our fare was 6 dollars, and the charges on the road the same as between Baltimore and Philadelphia: — viz., ½ dollar breakfast, 1 dollar dinner, ½ dollar supper, and ¼ dollar lodging. . . The inhabitants of New York are very fond of music, dancing, and plays; an attainment to excellence in the former has been considerably promoted by the frequent musical societies and concerts which are held in the city, many of the inhabitants being very good performers. As to dancing, there are two assembly-rooms in the city, which are pretty well frequented during the winter season; private balls are likewise not uncommon. They have two theatres, one of which is lately erected, and is capable of containing a great number of persons; there is an excellent company of comedians, who perform here in the winter. But the amuse-

ment of which they seem most passionately fond is that of sleighing, which is riding on the snow in what *you* call *a sledge*, drawn by two horses. It is astonishing to see how anxiously persons of all ages and both sexes look out for a good fall of snow, that they may enjoy their favourite amusement; and when the happy time comes, to see how eager they are to engage every sleigh that is to be hired. Parties of twenty or thirty will sometimes go out of town in these vehicles towards evening, about six or eight miles, when, having sent for a fiddler, and danced till they are tired, they will return home again by moonlight, or, perhaps more often, by *day* light. Whilst the snow is on the ground no other carriages are made use of, either for pleasure or service. The productions of the earth are brought to market in sleighs; merchandise is draughted about in sleighs; coaches are laid by, and the ladies and gentlemen mount the *silent* car, and nothing is heard in the streets but the tinkling [23]

[23] The sleighs not making any noise when in motion over the snow, the horses are obliged by law to have little bells fastened around their necks, to warn foot-passengers of their approach.—BAILY.

of bells. . . I set off on the *1st* of *September*, 1796, to make a tour of the western country,— that land of Paradise, according to the flattering accounts given by Imlay and others. Wishing to go to the new city of Washington, *we*[24] took our route through Philadelphia and Baltimore, which I have already described. I shall not trouble you with any further remarks, excepting that as the season was just the reverse of what it was when I passed through this country last, it presented quite a different appearance from what I described to you in my former letters. Besides, there was none of that inconvenience from bad roads, so terrible to a traveller in the winter. On the contrary, we went on with a rapidity and safety equal to any mode of travelling in England.

"From Baltimore to the new city of Washington is forty-five miles, where we arrived on the *5th* of *October* following. The road is well furnished with taverns, which in general are good, at least as good

[24] I was in company with a gentleman of the name of Heighway, who was going down to the northwestern settlement to form a plantation.— BAILY. See p. 144.

as can be expected in this part of the world. Close to Washington is a handsome town called Georgetown; in fact, it will form part of the new city; for, being so near the site intended for it, and being laid out nearly on the same plan, its streets will be only a prolongation of the streets laid out for the city of Washington: so it will in course of time lose its name of Georgetown, and adopt the general one of Washington. Much in the same manner the small places formerly separated from the metropolis of England have lost their name, and fallen under the general denomination of London.

"Georgetown is situated on a hill close to the river Potomak; it presents a beautiful view from the surrounding country, of which also it commands a fine prospect. It is a seaport town, and some of their vessels are employed in the London trade. There are stages run daily between this place and Baltimore, for which you pay four dollars. There are also stages to and from Alexandria, a handsome and flourishing town situated on the Potomak, lower down the stream, and about eight miles off; for

which you pay a fare of three quarters of a dollar. We put up at the Federal Arms whilst we were there. It is a good inn, but their charges are most extravagantly high. . . At about half-past one, *October 7th*, we started on our journey over the Allegany mountains to Pittsburgh.[25] About fourteen miles on the road is a pretty little town called Montgomery Court House;[26] it

[25] By D. Hewett's *American Traveller*, the principal points on the Washington-Pittsburg route are given as follows:

	Distance.
Montgomery c. h.	14.
Clarksburg	13.
Monocasy River	8.
Fredericktown	7.
Hagerstown	27.
Pennsylvania State line	8.
M'Connell'stown	20.
Junietta River	17.
Bedford	14.
Stoyestown	27.
Summit of Laurel Hill	13.
Greensburg	26.
Pittsburg	32.
Total	226.

[26] Mr. Hewett gives this note of Montgomery C. H.: "This village is also called Rockville. There is an extremely bad turnpike from Washington to this place,

contains some good houses, but the streets are narrow. About seven miles further is a little settlement, formed a few years back by Captain Lingham, called Middlebrook. Captain Lingham has a house on the road, near a mill, which he has erected; and here (following the example of many of his brother officers) he has retired from the toils and bustle of war, to spend his days in the enjoyments of a country life. We arrived here about six o'clock; the sun was just setting, yet there was time to go another stage; but, as we got into a part of the country where *taverns*[27] were not very frequent, we proposed stopping here this night. Accordingly, putting our horses up at a little tavern, (which, together with four or five more houses, composed the whole of the settlement,) we had a comfortable supper and went to bed. About half-past six the next morning we started from this place, and stopped, about seven miles

so much so, that the man who keeps the toll house, *after* having taken toll, recommends travellers to go the *ola road.*"—p. 51.

[27] All the inns and public-houses on the road are called taverns.—BAILY.

on the road, at an old woman's of the name of Roberts.[28] This old woman (whose house, I believe, was the only one we saw on the road) acts at times in the capacity of a tavern-keeper: that is, a person travelling that way, and straitened for provisions, would most probably find something there for himself and his horse. The old lady was but just up when we called; her house had more the appearance of a hut than the habitation of an hostess, and when we entered there was scarcely room to turn round. We were loath to stop here; but there not being any other house near, we were obliged to do it, both for the sake of ourselves and our horses. We soon made her acquainted with our wants, and she, gathering together a few sticks, (for her fire was not yet lighted,) and getting a little meal and some water, mixed us up some cakes, which were soon dressed at the fire, and then all sitting down at the table, and having mixed some tea in a little pot, we enjoyed a very comfortable breakfast. The poor old woman, who was a widow, seemed to live in a deal of distress: the whole of

[28] Clarksburg.

her living was acquired by furnishing accommodation to travellers. When we were sitting over the fire, and partaking of our meal-cakes with this old woman, it brought to mind the story of Elijah and the widow, (1 Kings, chap. xvii.,) particularly where she answers him with, 'As the Lord thy God liveth, I have not a cake, but one handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse: and, behold, I am gathering two sticks, that I may go in and dress it for me and my son, that we may eat it, and die.' The appositeness of our situations rendered this passage very striking, and made me look upon my hostess in a more favourable point of view than when I first saw her. I gave her something to render her situation more comfortable and happy.

"Leaving this lonely habitation, we continued on our journey, and crossing the Sinecocy [Monocacy?] river, about eleven miles on the road, we reached Fredericktown, about four miles farther, at twelve o'clock. This is a large flourishing place, contains a number of good houses, and is a place of great trade, owing to its being the thoroughfare to the western country of

Pennsylvania and the Ohio. There is a large manufactory of rifle-guns carried on here; but so great is the demand for them, that we could not meet with one in the whole place: they sell in general from 15 to 25 dollars each, according to their style of being mounted. The tavern where we stopped was kept by Mrs. Kemble: it is a tolerably good house. After dinner we left this place, and after going about three or four miles, we arrived at the foot of the Appalachian Mountains. And here let me stop a little to make a few observations on the face of the country we have just passed over. From Georgetown to this place, it almost wholly consists of a sandy, gravelly soil, with difficulty repaying the husbandman for the trouble of tilling it. The face of the country is very uneven, being a constant succession of hill and dale. Little towns or villages are scattered over the country at the distance of seven or eight miles, which communicate with each other by roads which are almost inaccessible during the winter and spring months. Our charges on this part of the road were half a dollar each for breakfast and dinner and

supper, without any distinction of fare. If our table were spread with all the profusion of American luxury, such as ham, cold beef, fried chicken, &c. &c., (which are not uncommon for breakfast in this part of the world), or whether we sat down to a dish of tea and hoe-cake, our charge was all the same. The accommodations we met with on the road were pretty well, considering the short time this country has been settled, and the character and disposition of its inhabitants, which are not those of the most polished nations, but a character and disposition arising from a consciousness of independence, accompanied by a spirit and manner highly characteristic of this consciousness. It is not education alone that forms this character of the Americans: it stands upon a firmer basis than this. The means of subsistence being so easy in the country, and their dependence on each other consequently so trifling, that spirit of servility to those above them so prevalent in European manners, is wholly unknown to them; and they pass their lives without any regard to the smiles or the frowns of men in power.

"Nearly the whole of the way from Georgetown to Fredericktown we preserved a distant view of the Allegany Mountains, at whose feet we were now arrived. They presented to us one general bluff appearance, extending as far as our eye could see from the north-east to the south-west. Our approach to them was in a line perpendicular to that of their extension, so that they seemed to bid defiance to our progress. The *Allegany Mountains* is a name given to a range of several ridges of mountains stretching from Vermont to Carolina, of which one ridge alone is properly called the Allegany Mountain. These ridges are nearly 170 miles in width; and the middle one, or the Allegany, forms the backbone of the rest. The ridge which first presented itself to our view, is called in Howell's Map the South Mountain. The road (which here began to be very rocky and stony) is carried over the least elevated part of the mountain, and from its summit we beheld that beautiful limestone valley so recommended by Brissot. On our descent from this mountain, we entered on one of the finest tracts of land in all

America. The celebrated valley, which lies between this and the next ridge of mountains, extends from the Susquehanna on the north to Winchester on the south, is richly watered by several navigable streams, and is capable of producing every article which is raised in the neighbouring countries in the greatest abundance. It is inhabited chiefly by Germans and Dutch, who are an industrious race of men and excellent farmers. Their exertions have made this valley (bounded on each side by barren and inhospitable mountains) assume the appearance of a highly cultivated country, abounding in all the conveniences and some of the luxuries of life. Besides a general appearance of comfortable farms scattered over the face of the country, it can boast of several large and populous towns, which keep up a connexion with the cities on the Atlantic, and supply the interior of this mountainous country with the produce of distant nations. It was dark before we descended from this mountain; but we had not proceeded far in the valley when we came to a little place called Boone's-town, where we were glad to rest

ourselves and horses after the fatigues of so rough a road. Boone's-town is eight miles from Fredericktown: it has not been settled above three or four years. We met with a very good tavern and excellent accommodations.

"From Boone's-town, the next morning (*Sunday, October 9th,* 1796) we passed through Funk's-town, which is another new-settled place; and immediately on leaving this, Hagar's-town presented itself to our view, about two miles off: here we arrived to breakfast. Hagar's-town[29] is a large flourishing place, and contains some good houses. The streets are narrow, and, agreeably to a barbarous custom which they have in laying out new towns in America, the court-house is built in the *middle* of the principal street, which is a great obstruction to the passage, as well as being of an uncouth appearance. This place is situated on a fine plain, and, like Frederick's-town, is a place of great trade, and also a manufactory for rifle-guns, of which we bought two at twenty dollars each. Here is a paper published weekly; and assemblies

[29] Hagar's-town is ten miles from Boone's-town.—Baily.

are held here during the winter. There is also a great deal of horse-racing in the neighbourhood at stated seasons. We put up at the Indian Queen, kept by Ragan: it is a good house and much frequented.

"From Hagar's-town we proceeded on to Greencastle, which is a poor little place, but lately settled, and consisting of a few log-houses built along the road. We stopped at one of these houses, which they called the tavern, kept by one Lawrence; it was a poor miserable place. We were obliged to unsaddle our horses, put them into the stable, and feed them ourselves; and then, having got something to eat and refreshed ourselves, we got out of this place as soon as we could. Greencastle is eleven miles from Hagar's-town; and we had to go eleven miles farther that evening to Mr. Lindsay's, whom we had engaged at Baltimore to carry some goods to Pittsburgh in his waggons. His house lay at some distance from the road we were going, so that we struck across the woods to approach it; and, after having missed our way once or twice, we struck on a road which took us down to his house. Here

we were hospitably entertained for two days by Mr. Lindsay and his father-in-law, Mr. Andrews, who have a very excellent farm, and live very comfortably in the truly American style. The place at which he resides is called the *Falling Springs*; for what reason they are called *falling* springs I cannot conceive; they *rise* from under an old tree, and the stream does not proceed three hundred yards before it turns a cyder-mill; and a little farther on turns a grist-mill. These mills belong to Mr. Andrews, as also does a large quantity of the land around; for in this country *all* the farmers are landholders; Mr. and Mrs. Andrews are Irish; and they and their family are all settled in the neighbourhood. Their children are all brought up in industry, and have their time fully employed in performing the different necessary duties of the house and farm. Nevertheless, they appear to live very happy and comfortable.

"*Tuesday, October 11th*, 1796.— About eleven o'clock this morning we set off from Mr. Andrews's, in company with a party of several of the neighbouring farmers who were going to Chambersburgh to vote

at an election. Chambersburgh is about three miles from Mr. Andrews's, and is a large and flourishing place, not inferior to Frederick's-town or Hagar's-town; being, like them, on the high road to the western country, it enjoys all the advantages which arise from such a continual body of people as are perpetually emigrating thither. I have seen ten and twenty waggons at a time in one of these towns, on their way to Pittsburgh and other parts of the Ohio, from thence to descend down that river to Kentucky. These waggons are loaded with the clothes and necessaries of a number of poor emigrants, who follow on foot with their wives and families, who are sometimes indulged with a ride when they are tired, or in bad weather. In this manner they will travel and take up their abode in the woods on the side of the road, like the gypsies in our country, taking their provisions with them, which they dress on the road's side, as occasion requires.

"About thirteen miles from Chambersburgh, which we left in the afternoon, is a place called the *Mill*,[30] which is kept by

[30] McDowell's Mill.

some Dutchmen. We understood it was a tavern, but were disappointed; however, as it was now dark, and no tavern on the road for some distance, we were under the necessity of begging a lodging here, which was granted us at last with the greatest reluctance. Here we had rather an unfavourable specimen of Dutch manners. We were *kindly* directed to take our horses to the stables, and take care of them ourselves, which we accordingly did; and, returning to the house, I was witness to a kind of meal I had never before experienced. First of all, some sour milk was warmed up and placed on the table. This at any other time would probably have made us sick; but having fasted nearly the whole day, and seeing no appearance of anything else likely to succeed it, we devoured it very soon; particularly as the whole family (of which there were seven or eight) partook of it likewise; all of us sitting round *one* large bowl, and dipping our spoons in one after another. When this was finished a dish of stewed pork was served up, accompanied with some hot pickled cabbage, called in this part of the

country "warm slaw." This was devoured in the same hoggish manner, every one trying to help himself first, and two or three eating off the same plate, and all in the midst of filth and dirt. After this was removed a large bowl of cold milk and bread was put on the table, which we partook of in the same manner as the first dish, and in the same disorder. The spoons were immediately taken out of the greasy pork dish, and (having been just cleaned by passing through the *mouth*) were put into the milk; and that, with all the *sang froid* necessarily attending such habitual nastiness. Our *table*, which was none of the cleanest (for as to *cloth*, they had none in the house), was placed in the middle of the room, which appeared to me to be the receptacle of all the filth and rubbish in the house; and a fine large fire, which blazed at one end, served us instead of a candle.

"Wishing to go to bed as soon as possible (though, by the by, we did not expect that our accommodations would be any of the most agreeable), we requested to be shown to our room, when, lo! we were ushered up a ladder, into a dirty place,

where a little hole in the wall served for a window, and where there were four or five beds as dirty as need be. These beds did not consist (as most beds do) of blankets, sheets, &c., but were truly in the Dutch style, being literally nothing more than one feather bed placed on another, between which we were to creep and lie down. The man, after showing us this our place of destination, took the candle away, and left us to get in how we could, which we found some difficulty in doing at first; however, after having accomplished it, we slept very soundly till morning, when we found we had passed the night amongst the whole family, men, women, and children, who had occupied the other beds, and who had come up after we had been asleep. We got up early in the morning from this inhospitable and filthy place, and, saddling our horses, pursued our journey.

"*October 12th*, 1796.— At ten o'clock we arrived at McConnell's-town, in Cove Valley (thirteen miles), having first passed over a high ridge called, in Howell's Map, the North Mountain; and here we left that beautiful valley, which is enriched by so

WIDOW MCMURRAN'S TAVERN, SCRUB RIDGE, PENNSYLVANIA ROAD

many streams, and abounds with such a profusion of the conveniences of life; a country than which, if we except Kentucky, is not to be found a more fertile one in the whole of the United States.

"On our descent from the North Mountain we caught, through every opening of the woods, the distant view of McConnell's, whose white houses, contrasted with the *sea* of woods by which it was surrounded, appeared like an island in the ocean. Our near approach to it, however, rendered it not quite so pleasing an object; for it consisted but of a few log-houses, built after the American manner, without any other ornament than that of being whitened on the *outside*. There was a pretty good tavern kept here by a Dutchwoman, where we stopped to breakfast; and, leaving this place, we crossed a hill called Scrubheath, at the end of which was Whyle's tavern (ten miles): we did not stop, but went to the top of Sideling Hill (two miles), where there is a tavern kept by Skinner, where we dined. Sideling Hill is so called from the road being carried over this ridge, *on the side of the hill*, the whole way; it is very

steep in ascent, and towards the top appears very tremendous on looking down.

"From this tavern to the Junietta, a branch of the Susquehannah river, is eight miles. The hill terminates at the river, and the road down to it is a narrow winding path, apparently cleft out of the mountain. It so happened that when we came to this defile, a travelling man with a number of packhorses had just entered it before us; and as it was impossible for us to pass them, we were obliged to follow them down this long winding passage to the river, at their own pace, which, poor animals, was none of the speediest. The sun, though not set, had been long hid from us by the neighbouring mountains, and would not lend us one ray to light us on our melancholy path. We fell into conversation with our fellow-traveller, and found that he had been to Philadelphia, where he had purchased a number of articles necessary to those who live in this part of the country, and which he was going to dispose of in the best manner possible. The gloominess of our path, and the temper of mind I happened to be then in, threw me into reflec-

tions on a comparison of this man's state with my own. At length a distant light broke me from my reverie, and indicated to us a near prospect of our enlargement from this obscure path; and the first thing that presented itself to our view was the Junietta river, which, flowing with a gentle stream between two very steep hills, covered with trees to the very top, the sun just shining, and enlightening the opposite side, though hid to us, presented one of the most enchanting and romantic scenes I ever experienced. From this place to Hartley's Tavern is eight miles, and this we had to go before night. It was sunset before we had reached the summit of the opposite hill of the river. From this hill we beheld ourselves in the midst of a mountainous and woody country; the Junietta winding and flowing on each side of us at the foot of the hill; the distant mountains appearing in all the *wildness of majesty*, and extending below the horizon. The moon had just begun to spread her silver light; and by her assistance we were enabled to reach our destined *port*. The road, which was carried along the side of

a tremendously high hill, seemed to threaten us with instant death, if our horses should make a false step. Embosomed in woods, on a lonely path, we travelled by the kind light of the moon till near eight o'clock, when we reached our place of destination. It was a very comfortable house, kept by one Hartley, an Englishman, and situated in a gap of the mountains, called in this part of the country Warrior's Gap, and which affords an outlet or passage for the Junietta river, which here is a fine gentle stream. The country just about here was very mountainous; yet our landlord had got a very pleasant spot cleared and cultivated, and which furnished him with the principal necessaries of life. Finding this an agreeable place, we stopped here three days, and went up into the mountains to shoot; but, being very young hands at this diversion, we were always unsuccessful.

"On *Saturday*, *October* 15*th*, we set off from Hartley's about eleven o'clock, and proceeded to Redford (six miles), which is a pleasant place, and agreeably situated, and contains a great many houses. The town is supplied with water from the

neighbouring hills; conveyed in pipes to each house, and to a public place in the middle of the town. We left this place about half-past twelve, and proceeded to Ryan's tavern, at the foot of the Allegany mountain (eleven miles). Here we dined; and after dinner, we proceeded up the mountain, the top of which we reached about five o'clock; and here I was surprised to find a number of little streams of water flowing through some as fine land as is to be met with in the United States, and abounding with fish. This appearance upon the top of so high a mountain is not a little remarkable; but I have since found it to be the case in other ridges of mountains which I have passed over. We intended to have gone on to Webster's this evening, but the weather proving so bad, we called at a little house on the road, in order to stop during the night. But we were informed that they could not accommodate us; however, they directed us to a person about a mile off, where they thought we could get accommodated; accordingly, striking across the woods, we proceeded to this house, and, after some little trouble,

and in a very tempestuous night, we found it out, and here took up our abode for the night. Our landlord's name was Statler, and his residence is about eight miles from Ryan's. Here we found a very comfortable habitation, and very good accommodation; and though situated at the top of the highest ridge of mountains, we experienced not only the comforts, but also some of the luxuries of life. From the stone which forms the base of this mountain they make mill-stones, which are sent to all parts of the country, and sell from fifteen to twenty and thirty dollars a pair. Land sells on these mountains for two dollars an acre. We found this so comfortable a place, that we stopped here to breakfast the next morning (*October 16th*), and then we proceeded to Webster's, at a place called Stoystown (nine miles), where there is a good tavern, and where we stopped to bait our horses. About a mile before we came to Webster's we passed over Stoney Creek, which has a great many different branches, and rather large, but most of them were dry, owing partly to the season, and partly to their lying so very high.

About nine miles further we stopped at Murphy's, where we baited our horses; but the habitation was so uncomfortable, and their accommodations so miserable, that we could get nothing for ourselves; we were therefore obliged to defer till the evening taking any refreshment. On leaving this place we crossed Laurel Hill, which is near nine miles long, and which is the highest ridge of the Apalachian mountains: it is rather a ridge upon a ridge, than a mountain by itself, as it rises upon the Allegany ridge. The perpendicular height of this ridge is 4,200 feet; and in crossing it we were not a little incommoded by the cold winds and rain which generally infest the summit. This, together with the badness of the roads (being nothing but large loose stones), made it one of the most unpleasant rides I ever experienced. It was near dark before we descended this mountain; and we had then to go three miles to a poor miserable hut, where we were obliged to spend the night amidst the whole family and some other travellers, all scattered about in the same room.

"About half-past six the next morning

(*October 17th*, 1796) we set out from King's, and crossing Chestnut ridge, we arrived at Letty Bean's to breakfast (seven and a half miles). After crossing Chestnut ridge we took our leave of the Apalachian mountains, having passed 170 miles over them, from the Blue ridge to Chestnut ridge. These mountains are for the most part very stony and rocky, yet have a great quantity of fine land on them, even on their very summits. The roads which are carried over them are much better than I expected; and if from the tops of them you can (through an opening of the trees) gain a view of the surrounding country, it appears like a sea of woods; and all those hills which appeared very high in our passing over them, are lost in one wide plane, extending as far as the eye can reach, at least fifty or sixty miles, presenting a view not only novel, but also highly majestic. At other times, when you get between the declivities of the mountains, they appear in all the wildness of nature, forming the most romantic scenery the imagination can picture. It is not to be supposed, that immediately on leaving the Apalachian moun-

tains the country subsides into a smooth level; on the contrary, for several miles, both on the eastern and western side, the country is very hilly, not to say sometimes mountainous; and it is said that the western side of the mountains is 300 feet above the level of the eastern side.

" From the foot of the mountains to Pittsburgh is about forty miles, and here we arrived to dinner on the 18*th October*, having gone, during our route, about 297 miles from Philadelphia. The accommodations we met with were, upon the whole, tolerably good; at least, such as a person (considering the country he was travelling in) might bear with: charges rather high. It cost us, together with our horses, two dollars a day each. The common charges on the eastern side of the mountains were: — For breakfast, dinner, and supper, ½ dollar each; oats, 12 cents. per gallon. On the western side, dinner and supper were charged sometimes 2s., sometimes 2s. 6d., and breakfasts, 18d., (Pennsylvania currency). For breakfast we generally used to have coffee, and buck-wheat cakes, and some fried venison or broiled

chicken, meat being inseparable from an American breakfast; and whatever travellers happened to stop at the same place, sat down at the same table, and partook of the same dishes, whether they were poor, or whether they were rich; no distinction of persons being made in this part of the country. . .

"The waggons which come over the Allegany mountains from the Atlantic states, (bringing dry goods and foreign manufactures for the use of the back-country men,) return from this place generally empty; though sometimes they are laden with deer and bear skins and beaver furs, which are brought in by the hunters, and sometimes by the Indians, and exchanged at the stores for such articles as they may stand in need of."

Passing down the Ohio River Mr. Baily proceeded with a pioneer party the leader of which, Mr. Heighway, was about to found a town on the banks of the Little Miami River in Ohio. Leaving the river at the newly located village of Columbia, Ohio, the party pushed on northward. Mr.

Baily accompanied them out of curiosity, and his record is of utmost interest.

"*Saturday, March 4th,* 1797,—the two waggons started, accompanied with a guide to conduct them through the wilderness, and three or four pioneers to clear the road of trees where there might be occasion; and on

"*Monday, March 6th,*—Dr. Bean and myself started about noon, accompanied by several others in the neighbourhood; some of whom were tempted by curiosity, and others with a prospect of settling there. We were mounted on horses, and had each a gun; and across our saddles we had slung a large bag, containing some corn for our horses, and provision for ourselves, as also our blankets: the former was necessary, as the grass had not yet made its appearance in the woods. We kept the road as long as we could; and when that would not assist us any farther, we struck out into the woods; and towards sundown found ourselves about twenty miles from Columbia. Here, having spied a little brook running at the bottom of a hill, we made a halt,

and kindling a fire, we fixed up our blankets into the form of a tent, and having fed both ourselves and our horses, we laid ourselves down to rest; one of us, by turns, keeping watch, lest the Indians should come and steal our horses. The next morning,—

"*Tuesday, March 7th*, — as soon as it was light, we continued our journey, and towards the middle of the day overtook our friend H.,[31] almost worn out with fatigue. The ground was so moist and swampy, and he had been obliged to come through such almost impassable ways, that it was with difficulty the horses could proceed; they were almost knocked up; his waggons had been over-turned twice or thrice; — in fact, he related to us such a dismal story of the trials both of patience and of mind which he had undergone, and I verily believe if the distance had been much greater, he would either have sunk under it, or have formed his settlement on the spot. We encouraged him with the prospect of a speedy

[31] Mr. Heighway, an Englishman who settled now at Waynesville, Warren County, Ohio.— *History of Warren County, Ohio* (Chicago, 1882), p. 412.

termination, and the hopes of better ground to pass over; and with this his spirits seemed to be somewhat raised. We all encamped together this night, and made ourselves as happy and as comfortable as possible. My friend H. seemed also to put on the new man; and from this, and from his being naturally of a lively turn, we found that it was a great deal the want of society which had rendered him so desponding, and so out of spirits; for after we had cooked what little refreshment we had brought with us, and finished our repast, he sang us two or three good songs, (which he was capable of doing in a masterly style,) and seemed to take a pleasure in delaying as long as he could that time which we ought to have devoted to rest. As to my own part, I regarded the whole enterprise in a more philosophic point of view; and I may say with the Spectator, I considered myself as a silent observer of all that passed before me; and could not but fancy that I saw in this little society before me the counterpart of the primitive ages, when men used to wander about in the woods with all their substance, in the manner that the present

race of Tartars do at this day. I could not but think that I saw in miniature the peregrinations of Abraham, or Æneas, &c., &c.

"The next morning, *Wednesday*, *March 8th*, by day-light, our cavalcade was in motion; and some of the party rode on first to discover the spot, for we were travelling without any other guide than what little knowledge of the country the men had acquired by hunting over it. I could not but with pleasure behold with what expedition the pioneers in front cleared the way for the waggon; there were but three or four of them, and they got the road clear as fast as the waggon could proceed. Whilst we were continuing on at this rate, we observed at some distance before us, a human being dart into the woods, and endeavour to flee from us. Ignorant what this might mean, we delayed the waggons, and some of us went into the woods and tracked the footsteps of a man for some little distance, when suddenly a negro made his appearance from behind some bushes, and hastily inquired whether there were any Indians in our party, or whether we had met with any. The

hideousness of the man's countenance, (which was painted with large red spots upon a black ground,) and his sudden appearance, startled us at first; but soon guessing his situation, we put him beyond all apprehension, and informed him he was perfectly safe. He then began to inform us that he had been a prisoner among the Indians ever since the close of the last American war; and that he had meditated his escape ever since he had been in their hands, but that never, till now, had he been able to accomplish it. . .

"We could not but look upon the man with an eye of pity and compassion, and after giving him something to pursue his journey with, and desiring him to follow our track to Columbia, we separated. At about three or four o'clock the same afternoon, we had the satisfaction of seeing the Little Miami river. Here we halted, (for it was on the banks of this river that the town was laid out,) and we were soon joined by our other companions, who had proceeded on first, and who informed us that they had recognized the spot about half a mile higher up the river. We

accordingly went on, and got the goods all out of the waggons that night, so that they might return again as soon as they thought proper. And here we could not but congratulate our friend H. upon his arrival at the seat of his new colony."

CHAPTER III

ZANE'S TRACE AND THE MAYSVILLE PIKE

IN the study of the Ohio River as a highway of immigration and commerce it was emphasized that in earliest pioneer days the ascent of the river was a serious and difficult problem. This was true, indeed, not on the Ohio alone, but on almost every river of importance in the United States. Of course brawny arms could force a canoe through flood-tides and rapids; but, as a general proposition, the floods of winter, with ice floating fast amid-stream and clinging in ragged blocks and floes along the shore, and the droughts of summer which left, even in the Ohio, great bars exposed so far to the light that the river could be forded here and there by children, made even canoe navigation well-nigh impossible. For other craft than light canoes navigation was utterly out of the question in the dry seasons and

exceedingly dangerous on the icy winter floods at night — when the shore could not be approached.

Such conditions as these gave origin to many of our land highways. Where pioneer homes were built beside a navigable river it was highly important to have a land thoroughfare leading back to the "old settlements" which could be traversed at all seasons. Many of our "river roads" came into existence, not because the valleys offered the easiest courses for land travel, but because pioneer settlements were made on river banks, and, as the rivers were often worthy of the common French name "Embarras," land courses were necessary. In the greater rivers this "homeward track," so to speak, frequently abandoned the winding valley and struck straight across the interior on the shortest available route.

The founding of Kentucky in the lower Ohio Valley offers a specific instance to illustrate these generalizations, and brings us to the subject of a thoroughfare which was of commanding importance in the old West. We have elsewhere dealt at length

with the first settlement of Kentucky, making clear the fact that the great road blazed by Boone through Cumberland Gap was the most important route in Kentucky's early history. The growth of the importance of the Ohio River as a thoroughfare and its final tremendous importance to Kentucky and the entire West has also been reviewed. But, despite this importance, the droughts of summer and the ice-torrents of winter made a landward route from Kentucky to Pennsylvania and the East an absolute necessity. Even when the river was navigable, the larger part of the craft which sailed it before 1820 were not capable of going up-stream. Heavy freight could be "poled" and "cordelled" up in the keel-boat and barge, but for all other return traffic, both freight and passenger, the land routes from Kentucky north and east were preferable. For many years the most available messenger and mail route from Cincinnati, Vincennes, and Louisville was over Boone's Wilderness Road through Cumberland Gap. But, as the eighteenth century neared its close, the large population of western Pennsylvania and north-

western Virginia made necessary better routes from the upper Ohio Valley across the Alleghenies; in turn, the new conditions demanded a route up the Ohio Valley from Kentucky to Pennsylvania.

In our survey of Indian Thoroughfares, a slight path known as the Mingo Trail is mentioned as leading across eastern Ohio from Mingo Bottom near the present Steubenville, on the Ohio River, to the neighborhood of Zanesville on the Muskingum River.[32] Mingo Bottom was a well-known Indian camping-place; the name is preserved in the railway junction thereabouts, Mingo Junction. A distinct watershed offers thoroughfare southwesterly across to the Muskingum, and on this lay the old trail. The termini of this earliest known route were near two early settlements of whites; Mingo Bottom lies eight or nine miles north of Wheeling, one of the important stations in the days of border warfare. The Mingo Trail, swinging southward a little, became the route of white hunters and travelers who wished to

[32] *Historic Highways of America*, vol. ii, p. 109.

cross what is now eastern Ohio. The Muskingum River terminus of the trail was Wills Town, as far down the Muskingum from Zanesville as Mingo Bottom was above Wheeling on the Ohio. It is altogether probable that a slight trace left the Wills Town trail and crossed the Muskingum at the mouth of Licking River — the present site of Zanesville. If a trail led thence westwardly toward the famed Pickaway Plains, it is recorded on none of our maps. We know, therefore, of only the Mingo Trail, running, let us say loosely, from Wheeling, West Virginia, to Zanesville, Ohio, which could have played any part in forming what soon became known as the first post road in all the Territory Northwest of the River Ohio.

With the close of the Indian War and the signing of the Treaty of Greenville in 1795, the American possession of the Northwest was placed beyond question. A flood of emigrants at once left the eastern states for the Central West, and the return traffic, especially in the form of travelers and private mail packets, from Kentucky and Cincinnati, began at once to assume

significant proportions, and Congress was compelled to facilitate travel by opening a post route two hundred and twenty-six miles in length from the upper to the lower Ohio. Accordingly, the following act: "*An Act to authorize Ebenezer Zane*[33] *to locate certain lands in the territory of the United States northwest of the river Ohio*" was passed by Congress and approved May 17, 1796:

"*Be it enacted, &c.*, That, upon the conditions hereinafter mentioned, there shall be granted to Ebenezer Zane three tracts of land, not exceeding one mile square each, one on the Muskingum river, one on Hockhocking river, and one other on the north bank of Scioto river, and in such situations as shall best promote the utility of a road to be opened by him on the most eligible route between Wheeling and Limestone,[34]

[33] The patriot-pioneer of Wheeling, the first settlement on the Ohio River below Pittsburg, which he founded in 1769, and where he lived until 1811. He was born in Virginia in 1747.

[34] The importance of the historic *entrepôt* Limestone, Mason County, Kentucky (later named Maysville from one of its first inhabitants) has been suggested in Volume IX of this series (pp. 70, 89, 128). It was the

to be approved by the President of the United States, or such person as he shall appoint for that purpose; *Provided*, Such tracts shall not interfere with any existing claim, location, or survey; nor include any salt spring, nor the lands on either side of the river Hockhocking at the falls thereof.

"SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted*, That upon the said Zane's procuring, at his own expense, the said tracts to be surveyed, in such a way and manner as the President of the United States shall approve, and returning into the treasury of the United States plats thereof, together with warrents granted by the United States for military land bounties, to the amount of the number of acres contained in the said three tracts; and also, producing satisfactory proof, by the first day of January next, that the aforesaid road is opened, and ferries established upon the rivers aforesaid, for the accommodation of travellers, and giving security that such ferries shall be

most important entrance point into Kentucky on its northeastern river shore-line. What it was in earliest days, because of the buffalo trail into the interior, it remained down through the earlier and later pioneer era to the time of the building of the trunk railway lines.

maintained during the pleasure of Congress; the President of the United States shall be, and he hereby is, authorized and empowered to issue letters patent, in the name and under the seal of the United States, thereby granting and conveying to the said Zane, and his heirs, the said tracts of land located and surveyed as aforesaid; which patents shall be countersigned by the secretary of state, and recorded in his office: *Provided always*, That the rates of ferriage, at such ferries, shall, from time to time, be ascertained [inspected] by any two of the judges of the territory northwest of the river Ohio, or such other authority as shall be appointed for that purpose.

"APPROVED May 17, 1796."[35]

Zane evidently went at once to work opening the road to Kentucky, his brother Jonathan, and son-in-law John McIntire, assisting largely in the work. The path was only made fit for horsemen, particularly mail-carriers. It is probable that the

[35] *United States Statutes at Large, Private Laws 1789–1845, inclusive*, p. 27.

task was not more difficult than to cut away small trees on an Indian trace. It is sure that for a greater part of the distance from the Ohio to the Muskingum the Mingo Trail was followed, passing near the center of Belmont, Guernsey and Muskingum Counties. The route to the southwest from that point through Perry, Fairfield, Pickaway, Ross, Richland, Adams, and Brown Counties may or may not have followed the path of an Indian trace. No proof to the contrary being in existence, it is most reasonable to suppose that this, like most other pioneer routes, did follow a more or less plainly outlined Indian path. The new road crossed the Muskingum at the present site of the town well named Zanesville, the Hocking at Lancaster, the Scioto at Chillicothe, and the Ohio at Aberdeen, Ohio, opposite the old-time Limestone, Kentucky.

One George Sample was an early traveler on this National Road; paying a visit from the East to the Ohio country in 1797, he returned homeward by way of Zane's Trace or the Maysville Road, as the route was variously known. After purchasing a

farm on Brush Creek, Adams County, Ohio, and locating a homeless emigrant on it, Mr. Sample "started back to Pennsylvania on horseback" according to his recorded recollections written in 1842;[36] "as there was no getting up the river at that day.[37] In our homeward trip we had very rough fare when we had any at all; but having calculated on hardships, we were not disappointed. There was one house (Treiber's) on Lick branch, five miles from where West Union[38] now is." Trebar — according to modern spelling — opened a tavern on his clearing in 1798 or 1799, but at the time of Sample's trip his house was not more public than the usual pioneer's home where the latch-string was always out.[39] "The next house," continues Mr. Sample, "was where Sinking spring or Middletown is now.[40] The next was at Chilli-

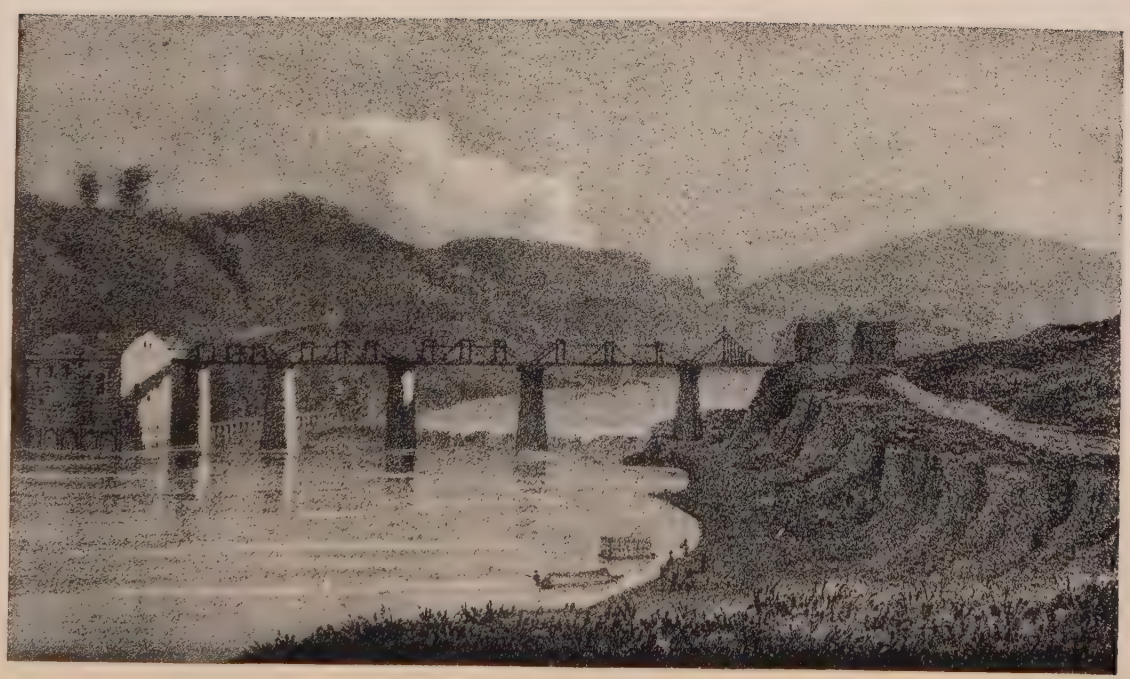
[36] *American Pioneer*, vol. i, p. 158.

[37] An exaggerated statement, yet much in accord with the truth, as we have previously observed.

[38] County seat of Adams County, Ohio

[39] Evans and Stivers, *History of Adams County, Ohio*, p. 125.

[40] Wilcoxon's clearing, Sinking Spring, Highland County, Ohio.—*Id.*, p. 125.



BRIDGE ON WHICH ZANE'S TRACE CROSSED THE MUSKINGUM RIVER AT ZANESVILLE, OHIO

cothe, which was just then commenced. We encamped one night at Massie's run, say two or three miles from the falls of Paint creek, where the trace then crossed that stream. From Chillicothe to Lancaster the trace then went through the Pickaway plains. There was a cabin some three or four miles below the plains, and another at their eastern edge, and one or two more between that and Lancaster. Here we staid the third night. From Lancaster we went next day to Zanesville, passing several small beginnings. I recollect no improvement between Zanesville and Wheeling, except a small one at the mouth of Indian Wheeling creek, opposite to Wheeling. In this space we camped another night. From Wheeling we went home pretty well."

The matter of ferriage was a most important item on pioneer roads as indicated by the Act of Congress quoted. The Court of General Quarter Sessions met at Adamsville, Adams County, December 12, 1797, and made the following the legal rates of ferriage across the Scioto and Ohio Rivers, both of which Zane's Trace crossed:

Scioto River:	
Man and horse	12½ cents.
Single	6¼ "
Wagon and team	75 "
Horned cattle (each)	6¼ "
Ohio River:	
Man and horse	18½ "
Single	9¼ "
Wagon and team	$1.15
Horned cattle	9¼ " [41]

No sooner was Zane's Trace opened than the Government established a mail route between Wheeling and Maysville and Lexington. For the real terminus of the trace was not by any means at little Maysville; an ancient buffalo route and well-worn white man's road led into the interior of Kentucky from Maysville, known in history as the Maysville Road and Maysville Pike. On the Ohio side this mail route from Wheeling and Lexington was known by many titles in many years; it was the Limestone Road, the Maysville Pike, the Limestone and Chillicothe Road, and the Zanesville Pike; the Maysville and Zanes-

[41] *Id.*, p. 88.

ville Turnpike was constructed between Zanesville and the Ohio River. At Zanesville the road today is familiarly known as the Maysville Pike while in Kentucky it is commonly called the Zanesville Pike.

"When the Indian trail gets widened, graded and bridged to a good road," wrote Emerson, "there is a benefactor, there is a missionary, a pacificator, a wealth-bringer, a maker of markets, a vent for industry."[42] The little road here under consideration is unique among American highways in its origin and in its history. It was demanded, not by war, but by civilization, not for exploration and settlement but by settlements that were already made and in need of communion and commerce. It was created by an act of Congress as truly as the Cumberland Road, which soon should, in part, supersede it. And finally it was on the subject of the Maysville Turnpike that the question of internal improvement by the national government was at last decided when, in 1830, President Jackson signed that veto which

[42] *Society and Solitude*, essay on "Civilization," pp. 25–26.

made the name of Maysville a household word throughout the United States.

In 1825, after a delay which created great suspense in the West, the Cumberland Road at last leaped the Ohio River at Wheeling. Zane's Trace, now a wide, much-traveled avenue, offered a route westward to Zanesville which could be but little improved upon. The blazed tree gave way to the mile-stone and the pannier and saddle-bag to the rumbling stagecoach and the chaise. It is all a pretty, quiet picture and its story is totally unlike that of Boone's rough path over the Cumberlands. For settlements sprang up rapidly in this land of plenty; we have seen that there were beginnings at Chillicothe and Zanesville when Sample passed this way in 1797. By 1800, Zane's lots at the crossing of the Hockhocking (first known as New Lancaster, and later as Lancaster — from the town of that name in Pennsylvania) were selling; his terms and inducements to settlers, especially mechanics, are particularly interesting.[43]

[43] See Graham's *History of Fairfield and Perry Counties, Ohio*, pp. 133–134.

As intimated, the Kentucky division of the Maysville Pike — leading from the Ohio River through Washington, Paris, and Lexington — became famous in that it was made a test case to determine whether or not the Government had the right to assist in the building of purely state (local) roads by taking shares in local turnpike companies.

This much-mooted question was settled once for all by President Andrew Jackson's veto of "A Bill Authorizing a subscription of stock in the Maysville, Washington, Paris, and Lexington Turnpike Road Company," which was passed by the House February 24, 1830. It read:[44] "*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled*, That the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed to subscribe, in the name and for the use of the United States, for fifteen hundred shares of the capital stock of the Maysville, Washington, Paris, and Lexington Turnpike Road Company, and to pay

[44] *Bills & Resolutions, House Reps., 1st Sess., 21st Cong., Part 2, 1829 & '30*, H. R., p. 285.

for the same at such times, and in such proportions, as shall be required of, and paid by, the stockholders generally, by the rules and regulations of the aforesaid company, to be paid out of any money in the Treasury, not otherwise appropriated: *Provided*, That not more than one-third part of the sum, so subscribed for the use of the United States, shall be demanded in the present year, nor shall any greater sum be paid on the shares so subscribed for, than shall be proportioned to assessments made on individual or corporate stockholders.

"SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted*, That the said Secretary of the Treasury shall vote for the President and Directors of the aforesaid company, according to such number of shares as the United States may, at any time, hold in the stock thereof, and shall receive upon the said stock the proportion of the tolls which shall, from time to time, be due to the United States for the shares aforesaid, and shall have and enjoy, in behalf of the United States, every other right of stockholder in said Company."

In his first annual message to Congress, dated December 8, 1829, President Jackson stated plainly his attitude to the great question of internal improvements. "As . . the period approaches when the application of the revenue to the payment of [national] debt will cease, the disposition of the surplus will present a subject for the serious deliberation of Congress. . . Considered in connection with the difficulties which have heretofore attended appropriations for purposes of internal improvement, and with those which this experience tells us will certainly arise whenever power over such subjects may be exercised by the General Government, it is hoped that it may lead to the adoption of some plan which will reconcile the diversified interests of the States and strengthen the bonds which unite them. . . To avoid these evils it appears to me that the most safe, just, and federal disposition which could be made of the surplus revenue would be its apportionment among the several States according to their ratio of representation, and should this measure not be found warranted by the Constitution that it would be expedient to

propose to the States an amendment authorizing it." [45]

In his veto of the Maysville Road bill President Jackson quoted the above paragraphs from his annual message, and, after citing both Madison's and Monroe's positions as to internal improvements of pure local character, continues:

" The bill before me does not call for a more definate opinion upon the particular circumstances which will warrent appropriations of money by Congress to aid works of internal improvement, for although the extention of the power to apply money beyond that of carrying into effect the object for which it is appropriated has, as we have seen, been long claimed and exercised by the Federal Government, yet such grants have always been professedly under the control of the general principle that the works which might be thus aided should be ' of a general, not local, national, not State,' character. A disregard of this distinction would of necessity lead to the subversion of the federal system. That

[45] Richardson's *Messages and Papers of the Presidents*, vol. ii, pp. 451, 452.

even this is an unsafe one, arbitrary in its nature, and liable, consequently, to great abuses, is too obvious to require the confirmation of experience. It is, however, sufficiently definate and imperative to my mind to forbid my approbation of any bill having the character of the one under consideration. I have given to its provisions . . reflection . . but I am not able to view it in any other light than as a measure of purely local character; or, if it can be considered national, that no further distinction between the appropriate duties of the General and State Governments need be attempted, for there can be no local interest that may not with equal propriety be denominated national. It has no connection with any established system of improvements; is exclusively within the limits of a State, starting at a point on the Ohio River and running out 60 miles to an interior town, and even as far as the State is interested conferring partial instead of general advantages.

" Considering the magnitude and importance of the power, and the embarrassments to which, from the very nature of the

thing, its exercise must necessarily be subjected, the real friends of internal improvement ought not to be willing to confide it to accident and chance. What is properly *national* in its character or otherwise is an inquiry which is often extremely difficult of solution. . .

"If it be the wish of the people that the construction of roads and canals should be conducted by the Federal Government, it is not only highly expedient, but indispensably necessary, that a previous amendment of the Constitution, delegating the necessary power and defining and restricting its exercise with reference to the sovereignty of the States, should be made. The right to exercise as much jurisdiction as is necessary to preserve the works and to raise funds by the collection of tolls to keep them in repair can not be dispensed with. The Cumberland Road should be an instructive admonition of the consequences of acting without this right. Year after year contests are witnessed, growing out of efforts to obtain the necessary appropriations for completing and repairing this useful work. Whilst

one Congress may claim and exercise the power, a succeeding one may deny it; and this fluctuation of opinion must be unavoidably fatal to any scheme which from its extent would promote the interests and elevate the character of the country. . .

" That a constitutional adjustment of this power upon equitable principles is in the highest degree desirable can scarcely be doubted, nor can it fail to be promoted by every sincere friend to the success of our political institutions." [46]

The effect of Jackson's veto was far-reaching. It not only put an end to all thought of national aid to such local improvements as the Maysville Turnpike, but deprived such genuinely national promotions as the Baltimore and Ohio Railway of all hope of national aid. " President Jackson had strongly expressed his opposition to aiding state enterprises and schemes of internal improvement by appropriations from the central government," records a historian of that great enterprise; " from whatever source the opposition may have come, the [Baltimore and Ohio Railway]

[46] *Id.*, pp. 483–493.

company recognized that it must not hope for aid from the national government."[47] The significance of Jackson's veto could not be more strongly presented.

[47] Reizenstein's "The Economic History of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad," *Johns Hopkins Studies in Historical and Political Science*, fifteenth series, vii–viii, p. 23.

CHAPTER IV

PIONEER TRAVEL IN KENTUCKY

THE following interesting and vivid picture of early travel in Kentucky is taken from Judge James Hall's *Legends of the West* (Philadelphia, 1832); though largely a work of fiction, such descriptions as these are as lifelike as the original picture.

The place at which the party landed was a small village on the bank of the [Ohio] river, distant about fifty miles from a settlement in the interior to which they were destined.

"Here we are on dry land once more," said the Englishman as he jumped ashore; "come, Mr. Logan, let us go to the stage-house and take our seats." Logan smiled, and followed his companion.

"My good friend," said Edgarton, to a tall, sallow man in a hunting-shirt, who sat

on a log by the river with a rifle in his lap, "can you direct us to the stage-house?"

"Well, I can't say that I can."

"Perhaps you do not understand what we want," said Edgarton; "we wish to take seats in a mail-coach for ——."

"Well, stranger, it's my sentimental belief that there isn't a coach, male or female, in the county."

"This fellow is ignorant of our meaning," said Edgarton to Logan.

"What's that you say, stranger? I *spose maybe* you think I never *seed* a coach? Well, it's a free country, and every man has a right to think what he pleases; but I reckon I've saw as many of *them are fixens* as any other man. I was raised in Tennessee. I saw General Jackson once riding in the elegantest carriage that ever mortal man *sot* his eyes on — with glass winders to it like a house, and *sort o'* silk *curtings*. The harness was mounted with silver; it was *drawd* by four blooded nags, and *druv* by a mighty likely *nigger* boy."

The travellers passed on, and soon learned that there was indeed no stage in the country. Teams and carriages of any

kind were difficult to be procured; and it was with some difficulty that two stout wagons were at last hired to carry Mr. Edgarton's movables, and a *dearborn* obtained to convey his family, it being agreed that one of the gentlemen should drive the latter vehicle while the other walked, alternately. Arrangements were accordingly made to set out the next morning.

The settlement in which Mr. Edgarton had judiciously determined to pitch his tent, and enjoy the healthful innocence and rural felicity of the farmer's life, was new; and the country to be traversed to reach it entirely unsettled. There were two or three houses scattered through the wilderness on the road, one of which the party might have reached by setting out early in the morning, and they had determined to do so. But there was so much fixing and preparing to be done, so much stowing of baggage and packing of trunks, such momentous preparations to guard against cold and heat, hunger and thirst, fatigue, accident, robbery, disease, and death, that it was near noon before the cavalcade was prepared to move. Even then they were

delayed some minutes longer to give Mr. Edgarton time to oil the screws and renew the charges of his double-barrel gun and pocket-pistols. In vain he was told there were no highwaymen in America. His way lay chiefly through uninhabited forests; and he considered it a fact in natural history, as indisputable as any other elementary principle, that every such forest has its robbers. After all, he entirely neglected to put flints in his bran new locks instead of the wooden substitutes which the maker had placed there to protect his work from injury; and thus "doubly armed," he announced his readiness to start with an air of truly comic heroism.

When they began their journey, new terrors arose. The road was sufficiently plain and firm for all rational purposes; that is to say, it *would do* very well for those who only wanted to get along, and were content to make the best of it. It was a mere path beaten by a succession of travellers. No avenue had been cut for it through the woods; but the first pioneers had wound their way among the trees, avoiding obstacles by going round them, as the

snake winds through the grass, and those who followed had trodden in their footsteps, until they had beaten a smooth road sufficiently wide to admit the passage of a single wagon. On either side was the thick forest, sometimes grown up with underbrush to the margin of the *trace*, and sometimes so open as to allow the eye to roam off to a considerable distance. Above was a dense canopy of interwoven branches. The wild and lonesome appearance, the deep shade, the interminable gloom of the woods, were frightful to our travellers. The difference between a wild forest in the simple majesty of nature, and the woodlands of cultivated countries, is very great. In the latter the underbrush has been removed by art or destroyed by domestic animals; the trees as they arrive at their growth are felled for use, and the remainder, less crowded, assume the spreading and rounded form of cultivated trees. The sunbeams reach the soil through the scattered foliage, the ground is trodden by grazing animals, and a hard sod is formed. However secluded such a spot may be, it bears the marks of civilization;

the lowing of cattle is heard, and many species of songsters that hover round the habitations of men, and are never seen in the wilderness, here warble their notes. In the western forests of America all is grand and savage. The truth flashes instantly upon the mind of the observer, with the force of conviction, that Nature has been carrying on her operations here for ages undisturbed. The leaf has fallen from year to year; succeeding generations of trees have mouldered, spreading over the surface layer upon layer of decayed fibre, until the soil has acquired an astonishing depth and an unrivalled fertility. From this rich bed the trees are seen rearing their shafts to an astonishing height. The tendency of plants towards the light is well understood; of course, when trees are crowded closely together, instead of spreading, they shoot upwards, each endeavouring, as it were, to overtop his neighbours, and expending the whole force of the vegetative powers in rearing a great trunk to the greatest possible height, and then throwing out a top like an umbrella to the rays of the sun. The functions of vitality are carried on with

vigor at the extremities, while the long stem is bare of leaves or branches; and when the undergrowth is removed nothing can exceed the gloomy grandeur of the elevated arches of foliage, supported by pillars of majestic size and venerable appearance. The great thickness and age of many of the trees is another striking peculiarity. They grow from age to age, attaining a gigantic size, and then fall, with a tremendous force, breaking down all that stands in their downward way, and heaping a great pile of timber on the ground, where it remains untouched until it is converted into soil. Mingled with all our timber are seen aspiring vines, which seem to have commenced their growth with that of the young trees, and risen with them, their tops still flourishing together far above the earth, while their stems are alike bare. The undergrowth consists of dense thickets, made up of the offspring of the larger trees, mixed with thorns, briers, dwarfish vines, and a great variety of shrubs. The ground is never covered with a firm sward, and seldom bears the grasses, or smaller plants, being covered from year to year with a

dense mass of dried and decaying leaves, and shrouded in eternal shade.

Such was the scene that met the eyes of our travellers, and had they been treated to a short excursion to the moon they would scarcely have witnessed any thing more novel. The wide-spread and trackless ocean had scarcely conveyed to their imaginations so vivid an impression of the vast and solitary grandeur of Nature, in her pathless wildernesses. They could hardly realize the expectation of travelling safely through such savage shades. The path, which could be seen only a few yards in advance, seemed continually to have terminated, leaving them no choice but to retrace their steps. Sometimes they came to a place where a tree had fallen across the road, and Edgarton would stop under the supposition that any further attempt to proceed was hopeless — until he saw the American drivers forsaking the track, guiding their teams among the trees, crushing down the young saplings that stood in their way, and thus winding round the obstacle, and back to the road, often through thickets so dense, that to the

stranger's eye it seemed as if neither man nor beast could penetrate them. Sometimes on reaching the brink of a ravine or small stream, the bridge of logs, which previous travellers had erected, was found to be broken down, or the ford rendered impassable; and the wagoners with the same imperturbable good nature, and as if such accidents were matters of course, again left the road, and seeking out a new crossing-place, passed over with scarcely the appearance of difficulty.

Once they came to a sheet of water, extending as far as the eye could reach, the tall trees standing in it as thickly as upon the dry ground, with tufts of grass and weeds instead of the usual undergrowth.

"Is there a ferry here?" inquired Edgarton.

"Oh no, sir, it's nothing but *a slash*."

"What's that?"

"Why, sir, jist a sort o' swamp."

"What in the world shall we do?"

"We'll jist put right ahead, sir; there's no dif-*fick*-ulty; it's nice good driving all about here. It's sort o' muddy, but there's good bottom to it all the way."

On they went. To Edgarton it was like going to sea; for no road could be seen; nothing but the trackless surface of the water; but instead of looking down, where his eye could have penetrated to the bottom, he was glancing forward in the vain hope of seeing dry land. Generally the water was but a few inches deep, but sometimes they soused into a hole; then Edgarton groaned and the ladies screamed; and sometimes it got gradually deeper until the hubs of the wheels were immersed, and the Englishman then called to the wagoners to stop.

"Don't be afeard, sir," one of them replied, "it is not bad; why this ain't nothing; it's right good going; it ain't a-going to swim your horse, no how."

"Anything seems a good road to you where the horse will not have to swim," replied the Englishman surlily.

"Why, bless you," said the backwoodsman, "this ain't no part of a priming to places that I've seed afore, no how. I've seed race paths in a worse fix than this. Don't you reckon, stranger, that if my team can drag this here heavy wagon, loaded

down with plunder, you can sartainly get along with that *ar* little carry-all, and nothing on the face of the *yeath* to tote, but jist the women and children?"

They had but one such swamp to pass. It was only about half a mile wide, and after travelling that far through the water, the firm soil of the woods, which before seemed gloomy, became cheerful by contrast; and Edgarton found at last, that however unpleasant such travelling may be to those who are not accustomed to it, it has really no dangers but such as are imaginary.

As the cavalcade proceeded slowly, the ladies found it most pleasant to walk wherever the ground was sufficiently dry. Mrs. Edgarton and the children might be seen sauntering along, and keeping close to the carriage, for fear of being lost or captured by some nondescript monster of the wild, yet often halting to gather nosegays of wild flowers, or to examine some of the many natural curiosities which surrounded them. . .

The sun was about to set when the wagoners halted at an open spot, covered

with a thick carpet of short grass, on the margin of a small stream of clear water. On inquiring the reason, Mr. Edgarton was assured that this was the best *camp-ground* on the route, and as there was no house within many miles, it was advisable to make arrangements for passing the night there.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the European gentleman; "what! lie on the ground like beasts! we shall all catch our death of cold!"

"I should never live through the night," groaned his fair partner. . .

"Don't let us stay here in the dark, papa," cried the children.

Logan expressed the opinion that an encampment might be made quite comfortable, and the sentimental Julia declared that it would be "delightful!" Edgarton imprecated maledictions on the beggarly country which could not afford inns for travellers, and wondered if they expected a gentleman to nestle among the leaves like Robin Hood's foresters. . .

This storm, like other sudden gusts, soon blew over, and the party began in earnest to make the best of a bad business by ren-

dering their situation as comfortable as possible. The wagoners, though highly amused at the fears of their companions, showed great alacrity and kindness in their endeavours to dissipate the apprehensions and provide for the comfort of foreigners; and, assisted by Mr. Logan, soon prepared a shelter. This was made by planting some large stakes in the ground, in the form of a square, filling up the sides and covering the tops with smaller poles, and suspending blankets over and around it, so as to form a complete enclosure. Mrs. Edgarton had a carpet taken from the wagons and spread on the ground; on this the beds were unpacked and laid, trunks were arranged for seats, and the emigrants surprised at finding themselves in a comfortable apartment, became as merry as they had been before despondent. A fire was kindled and the teakettle boiled, and there being a large store of bread and provisions already prepared, an excellent repast was soon placed before them, and eaten with the relish produced by severe exercise.

The night had now closed in, but the

blaze of a large fire and the light of several candles threw a brilliant gleam over the spot and heightened the cheerfulness of the evening meal. The arrangements for sleeping were very simple. The tent, which had been divided into two apartments by a curtain suspended in the middle, accommodated all of Mr. Edgarton's household: Logan drew on his great-coat, and spreading a single blanket on the ground, threw himself down with his feet to the fire; the teamsters crept into their wagons, and the several parties soon enjoyed that luxury which, if Shakspeare may be believed, is often denied to the "head that wears a crown."

The light of the morning brought with it cheerfulness and merriment. Refreshed from the fatigues of the preceding day, inspired with new confidence, and amused by the novelties that surrounded them, the emigrants were in high spirits. Breakfast was hastily prepared, and the happy party, seated in a circle on the grass, enjoyed their meal with a keen relish. The horses were then harnessed and the cavalcade renewed its march.

The day was far advanced when they began to rise to more elevated ground than that over which they had travelled. The appearance of the woods was sensibly changed. They were now travelling over a high upland tract with a gently-waving surface, and instead of the rank vegetation, the dense foliage and gloomy shades by which they had been surrounded, beheld woodlands composed of smaller trees thinly scattered and intermingled with rich thickets of young timber. The growth though thick was low, so that the rays of the sun penetrated through many openings, and the beaten path which they pursued was entirely exposed to the genial beams. Groves of the wild apple, the plum, and the cherry, now in full bloom, added a rich beauty to the scene and a delightful fragrance to the air.

But the greatest natural curiosity and the most attractive scenic exhibitions of our Western hemisphere was still in reserve; and a spontaneous expression of wonder and delight burst from the whole party, as they emerged from the woods and stood on the edge of *a prairie*. They entered a

long vista, carpeted with grass, interspersed with numberless flowers, among which the blue violet predominated; while the edges of the forest on either hand were elegantly fringed with low thickets loaded with blossoms — those of the plum and cherry of snowy whiteness, and those of the crab-apple of a delicate pink. Above and beyond these were seen the rich green, the irregular outline, and the variegated light and shade of the forest. As if to produce the most beautiful perspective, and to afford every variety of aspect, the vista increased in width until it opened like the estuary of a great river into the broad prairie, and as our travellers advanced the woodlands receded on either hand, and sometimes indented by smaller avenues opening into the woods, and sometimes throwing out points of timber, so that the boundary of the plain resembled the irregular outline of a shore as traced on a map.

Delighted with the lovely aspect of Nature in these the most tasteful of her retreats, the party lingered along until they reached the margin of the broad prairie, where a noble expanse of scenery of the

PIONEER VIEW OF HOUSES AT FORT CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND

same character was spread out on a larger scale. They stood on a rising ground, and beheld before them a vast plain, undulating in its surface so as to present to the eye a series of swells and depressions, never broken nor abrupt, but always regular, and marked by curved lines. Here and there was seen a deep ravine or drain, by which the superfluous water was carried off, the sides of which were thickly set with willows. Clumps of elm and oak were scattered about far apart like little islands; a few solitary trees were seen, relieving the eye as it wandered over the ocean-like surface of this native meadow.

It so happened that a variety of accidents and delays impeded the progress of our emigrants, so that the shadows of evening began to fall upon them, while they were yet far from the termination of their journey, and it became necessary again to seek a place of repose for the night. The prospect of encamping again had lost much of its terrors, but they were relieved from the contemplation of this last resource of the houseless, by the agreeable information that they were drawing near the house of

a farmer who was in the habit of "accommodating travellers." It was further explained that Mr. Goodman did not keep a public-house, but that he was "well off," "had houseroom enough, and plenty to eat," and that "*of course*," according to the hospitable customs of the country, he entertained any strangers who sought shelter under his roof. Thither they bent their steps, anticipating from the description of it a homestead much larger and more comfortable than the cheerless-looking log-cabins which had thus far greeted their eyes, and which seemed to compose the only dwellings of the population.

On arriving at the place, they were a little disappointed to find that the abundance of *houseroom* which had been promised them was a mere figure of speech, an idiomatic expression by a native, having a comparative signification. The dwelling was a log house, differing from others only in being of a larger size and better construction. The logs were hewed and squared instead of being put up in their original state, with the bark on; the apertures were carefully closed, and the open-

ings representing windows, instead of being stopped when urgent occasion required the exclusion of the atmosphere, by hats, old baskets, or cast-off garments, were filled with glass, in imitation of the dwellings of more highly civilized lands. The wealth of this farmer, consisting chiefly of the *plenty to eat* which had been boasted, was amply illustrated by the noisy and numerous crowd of chickens, ducks, turkeys, pigs, and cattle, that cackled, gobbled, and grunted about the house, filling the air with social though discordant sounds, and so obstructing the way as scarcely to leave room for the newly-arrived party to approach the door.

As the cavalcade halted, the foremost driver made the fact known by a vociferous salutation.

"Hal-low! Who keeps house?"

A portly dame made her appearance at the door, and was saluted with,—

"How de do, ma'am — all well, ma'am?"

"All right well, thank you, sir."

"Here's some strangers that wants lodging; can we get to stay all night with you?"

"Well, I don't know; *he's* not at home, and I harly know what to say."

"I'll answer for *him*," replied the driver, who understood distinctly that the pronoun used so emphatically by the good lady alluded to her inferior moiety; "he wouldn't turn away strangers at this time of day when the chickens is jist goin to roost. We've ben a travellin all day, and our critters is mighty tired and hungry, as well as the rest of us."

"Well," said the woman, very cheerfully, "I reckon you can stay; if you can put up with such fare as we have, you are very welcome. My man will be back soon; he's only jist gone up to town."

The whole party were now received into the dwelling of the backwoodsman by the smiling and voluble hostess, whose assiduous cordiality placed them at once at their ease in spite of the plain and primitive, and to them uncomfortable aspect of the log house. Indeed, nothing could be more uninviting in appearance to those who were accustomed only to the more convenient dwellings of a state of society farther advanced in the arts of social life.

It was composed of two large apartments or separate cabins, connected by an area or space which was floored and roofed, but open at the sides, and which served as a convenient receptacle to hang saddles, bridles, and harness, or to stow travellers' baggage, while in fine weather it served as a place in which to eat or sit.

In the room into which our party was shown there was neither plastering nor paper, nor any device of modern ingenuity to conceal the bare logs that formed the sides of the house, neither was there a carpet on the floor, nor any furniture for mere ornament. The absence of all superfluities and of many of the conveniences usually deemed essential in household economy was quite striking. A table, a few chairs, a small looking-glass, some cooking utensils, and a multitudinous array of women's apparel, hung round on wooden pins, as if for show, made up the meagre list, whether for parade or use, with the addition of several bedsteads closely ranged on one side of the room, supporting beds of the most plethoric and dropsical dimensions, covered with clean cotton bedding,

and ostentatiously tricked out with gaudy, parti-colored quilts.

The "man" soon made his appearance, a stout, weatherbeaten person, of rough exterior, but not less hospitably disposed than his better half, and the whole household were now actively astir to furnish forth the evening's repast, nor was their diligent kindness, nor the inquisitive though respectful cross-examination which accompanied it, at all diminished when they discovered that their guests were English people. Soon the ample fire-place, extending almost across one end of the house, was piled full of blazing logs; the cries of affrighted fowls and other significant notes of preparation announced that active operations were commenced in the culinary department. An array of pots and kettles, skillets, ovens, and frying-pans, covered the hearth, and the astonished travellers discovered that the room they occupied was not only used as a bedchamber, but "served them for parlour, and kitchen, and hall."

We shall not attempt to describe the processes of making bread, cooking meat

and vegetables, and preparing the delightful beverage of the evening meal, a portion of which took place in the presence of the surprised and amused guests, while other parts were conducted under a shed out of doors. A large table was soon spread with clean linen, and covered with a profusion of viands such as probably could not be found on the board of the mere peasant or labouring farmer in any other part of the world.[48] Coffee was there, with sweet milk and buttermilk in abundance; fried chickens, venison, and ham; cheese, sweetmeats, pickles, dried fruit, and honey; bread of wheat and corn, hot biscuits and

[48] I cannot resist the opportunity of nailing to the counter a wretched fabrication of some traveller, who represents himself as dismounting at a Western house of entertainment, and inquiring the price of a dinner. The answer is, "Well, stranger — with wheat bread and chicken fixens, it would be fifty cents, but with corn bread and common doins, twenty-five cents." The slang here used is of the writer's own invention. No one ever heard in the West of "chicken fixens," or "common doins." On such occasions, the table is spread with everything that the house affords, or with whatever may be convenient, according to the means and temper of the entertainers. A meal is a meal, and the cost is the same, whether it be plentiful or otherwise. — HALL.

cakes, with fresh butter; all well prepared and neat, and all pressed upon the hungry travellers with officious hospitality. Had the entertainment been furnished in regal style at some enchanted castle by invisible hands, the guests could scarcely have been more surprised by the profusion and variety of the backwoods repast, so far did the result produced exceed the apparent means afforded by the desolate-looking and scantily-furnished cabin.

If our worthy travellers were surprised by the novelties of backwoods *inn*-hospitality which thus far had pressed upon them, how much was their wonder increased when the hour for retiring arrived, and the landlady apologized for being obliged to separate guests from their hosts.

"Our family is so large," said the woman, "that we have to have two rooms. I shall have to put all of you strangers into a room by yourselves."

The party were accordingly conducted into the other apartment, which was literally filled with arrangements for sleeping, there being several bedsteads, each of which was closely curtained with

sheets, blankets, and coverlids hung around it for the occasion, while the whole floor was strewed with pallets. Here Mr. Edgarton and his whole party, including Logan and the teamsters, were expected to sleep. A popular poet, in allusion to this patriarchal custom, impertinently remarks,

> Some cavillers
> Object to sleep with fellow-travellers.

And on this occasion the objection was uttered vehemently, the ladies declaring that martyrdom in any shape would be preferable to lodging thus like a drove of cattle. Unreasonable as such scruples might have seemed, they were so pertinaciously adhered to on the one side, and so obstinately resisted by the exceedingly difficult nature of the case on the other, that there is no knowing to what extremities matters might have gone, had not a compromise been effected by which Logan and the wagon-drivers were transferred into the room occupied by the farmer's family, while the Edgartons, the sister, the maid, the greyhound, the pug-dog, and the parrot, remained sole occupants of the apartment prepared for them.

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